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THE SPHERE, DECEMBER 7, 1946
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" 1/6

THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXXXVII No. 2446 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC DECEMBER 7 1946

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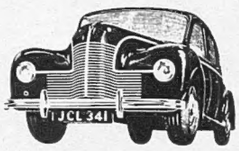

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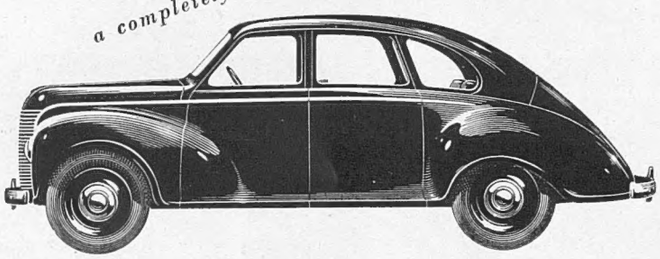

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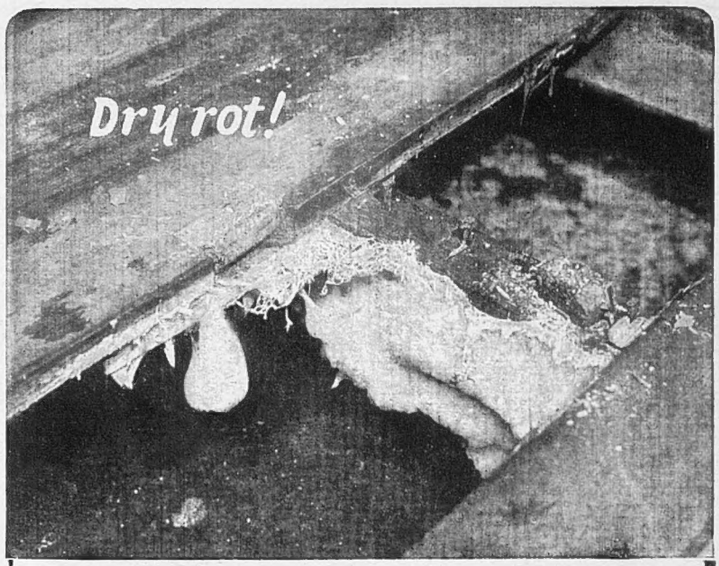

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Volume CLXXXVII No. 2446 The SPHERE, London, December 7, 1946

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE BIG THAMES FLOODS — HOUSES MAROONED AMID A WIDE EXPANSE OF FLOOD-WATER IN THE WARGRAVE AREA, BELOW READING : A typical scene in the Thames Valley, where the river has burst its banks at many points

The cumulative effect of the November rains has resulted in widespread flooding in the Thames Valley, and last Monday it was reported that the flood-waters had at one point reached a mile wide. Many hundreds of people in the Maidenhead district were marooned in their homes, and punts and dinghies had to be called upon to rescue them. Gardens, country lanes and main roads have in some places been 5 ft. under water, and at Windsor the Thames has been 4 ft. 6 ins. above its normal level. At Windsor Ferry, in one of the most seriously threatened areas, water swept round the back of Eton town and College and joined up with the main stream two miles farther down, thus turning Eton into an island. At Cookham, Bourne End, Marlow and Wargrave the floods have been almost equally alarming

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Order and Discipline.—

A broad survey of the world to-day may reasonably suggest that two first essentials of an ordered society have almost disappeared *pro tem.* from the hearts and institutions of civilised men. These essentials are indeed always the first to go, the most radically uprooted, as a result of war. The young invariably kick against discipline and the domination of their elders, and set at defiance all regulations which appear to cramp them; and men and women of all ages, types and races are prone to evade all laws, rules and orders, within the margin of safety, which may interfere with their post-war determination to grab what they can and retrieve what they can from the chaos which comes from war. So it is that wherever we look to-day, at home and abroad, in things big or small, political or social, we see constant evidence of the unseating of reason, of the loosening of restraints and discipline, of disregard of law and order. The first effect of all these subversive movements is to throw contempt on the authority of the rulers rather than on the wisdom or sense of the subversive elements. Governments are not naturally popular institutions (in any sense). They become necessary when a community exceeds the measure of "two or three gathered together," and they are only useful and only tolerated so long as they do the business which alone justifies their existence—that is, to govern. We may think that Egyptian students and schoolboys, or Greek Communist bandits are a bunch of monkeys; but the bulk of our reprobation is reserved for the Governments in Egypt and Greece which cannot keep their monkeys in their cages. So it is in Palestine. Much as we loathe and despise the terrorists, we despise still more the apathy of such constitutional Zionist authority as exists. So it is in India. So, as it seems to me, it is in the industrial sphere in England.

Rise of Mob Law.—

The Law ceases to be feared or revered as soon as political or other appeasements or expedients reverse its sentences. In an ordered society nothing but *legal* reconsiderations must interfere with justice taking its course, and that is as true of a man convicted of trespass or dangerous driving as of a murderer. It is as true of a man convicted under a military as under a civil tribunal of law. If the trial was fairly conducted, the sentence must not be set aside. If the trial was unfair, the accused must be tried again. It is a travesty of justice and of order that a man convicted of dangerous malpractices in his calling should be reinstated in it to the danger of the public by the pressure of mob law or the demands of his fellows. Indiscipline by the governed and a policy of appeasement by the governors are to-day giving full rein to mob rule all the world over. For this state of things the contempt falls on authority, but the people are the chief sufferers in the long run. From the microcosm of a rural juvenile court to the wide field of international affairs, the growth of indiscipline and the rise of mob law are to be seen, and everywhere the rule of law and of order and the authority of Government are being set aside and brought into contempt. An army of Government inspectors and directors and an encyclopædia of rules and by-laws and regulations are perfectly futile to cope with such a condition.

Only a Game!—

The Commonwealth's broadcasting system was revised, interrupted, reinforced, to enable the Empire to receive daily, *hourly* reports and word-pictures of the *first Test match*. It is *only a game*, called cricket, almost entirely a British Empire patent and practice. The running commentaries and reports interfered with news about important world affairs. All this vital information was interrupted to give priority to the points and details of a game of cricket! How incredible! Are the British all mad! Raving mad, say the Egyptian students with their home-made bombs, the Indian thugs with their bloody knives, the Communist guerillas sniping from holes in the ground, the saboteurs of peace and order, the money-grabbers and advantage-grabbers, the Hebrew assassins, and all civilisation's thieves' kitchen. Perhaps. But there is method in our madness, say I. Better a leather ball than a time-bomb, better a cut through the slips than a stab in the back. Better a flannelled fool than a wrecker's tool. Better to spend enthusiasm on an open-air game than on murder, rape and sabotage in back streets. Is it possible that those mad Britons possess a secret more valuable than any atomic bomb and a genius for political evolution which no other race on earth (or very few) can match, a secret weapon of innocent construction, leather, cork, willow, white flannel, fresh air? Then by all means steal their secret and introduce a little cricket into Russia, Greece, and where-you-please.

A NOVEMBER MORNING WITH THE HEYTHROP—A CELEBRATED HUNT MEETS IN THE SQUARE OF STOW-ON-THE-WOLD, IN THE HEART OF THE COTSWOLDS: This winter, hunting has come into its own again, and although the fields are not the size they were in the days before the war, the sport is very much alive. At the moment there is a shortage of good hunters and of hounds, owing to the diminution of breeding during the war

The Playing Fields of Eton.—

I got a clearer glimmer on St. Andrew's Day 1946, of the meaning of that trite, contentious (and to so many irritating) aphorism anent the Battle of Waterloo and the Eton playing fields. Under Wall, the turf was a sea of liquid mud. The College and Oppidan protagonists soon enough were undistinguishable from the mud they churned up. They became like prehistoric slugs wallowing in the slough of First Creation. They hung on, pushing and fighting for survival, in a contest whose rules, if any, were as obscure as the boys' features. Their mothers and sisters, some in ankle boots, some in frail sandals (the wise or foolish matrons and virgins) sank into the mud as they observed the extraordinary test of endurance. The foreign visitors gaped and gasped and made mental notes of the evidences of British lunacy. There was no result to the game. Neither side had anything but mud and blood to show for their labours. Waterloo was "hard pounding" in the mud. So were Ypres and the Somme. So was Hitler's little war. For a hundred years generations of Etonians have repeated this mixture as before. The mud nearly always obliges. Results are very rarely attained. The boys fight on with their backs to the wall. It is part of their education. It is very English. But, being an Englishman, I get the idea. There is perhaps rather more essential truth in this aphorism than in most. It is a part of an Etonian's education which yields an oblique dividend in high proportion to the high purchase price.

Robbery Under Arms.—

The Treasury was always a hard taskmaster. You will find it so in the records, public and private, from the days of Walpole and behind them. And the Chancellor of the Exchequer, representing the Government in the sphere of National Finance, was in his public capacity nearly always "a beast," *but* "a just beast—like a certain public-school Headmaster." I was born in Victorian days, and looking back, I am struck anew by the glorious integrity and sense of trusteeship which that hard and niggardly taskmaster then observed. Miserable and cheeseparing were in those days what passed for pensions, concessions and grants-in-aid. But honesty in fulfilling obligations to the individual was absolute and outstanding. A worthy citizen might starve (and often did) on his income, but what was due to him from the State was exactly, if sometimes tardily, paid. His capital, his rights over his own property, were scrupulously safeguarded. Where is that integrity to-day? It is an astounding change which, in things small and big, is to be noted. All sense of a mutual contract, to be honoured to the letter, between State and individual citizen, has totally vanished. The "Justice" is all on one side. The State now is agent for the State. There remains no longer any honourable contract between State and Citizen. Take three single examples from the trivial to the important: (1) Under threat of invasion, the State called on all owners of weapons to loan them to the State. Revolvers and rifles were handed in in thousands, and receipts given. The war ended. The weapons were not returned, no value was attached to them, nothing paid for them. Those who asked for them back were told that no permit to possess them would be granted. Therefore, the weapons had no value. (2) *Post-war credits.* Taxation was raised to and beyond breaking point in the emergency of war. A promise of repayment of some part was held out as a lure. "Post-war credits" were to be honoured at the end of hostilities. Two years after the end of the war, the sixty-year-olds, many of them past work, will still be whistling for their credits. Many will be dead, unpaid. (3) *Railway nationalisation.* The Treasury took major responsibility for selecting the types of security suitable for trustees. This was the guide for the investment of funds for widows and orphans and small pensioners. Railway stocks and Government Loans made up the bulk of the "safe" investments. And now, without a word of apology, without the slightest outward air of shame or guilt, the Chancellor grabs the lot from the widow and the orphan and the thrifty small man and offers them in return an income which varies between two-fifths and three-fifths of what they confidently believed they could rely on receiving.

November Beats September.—

I spent the latter part of August and the first week of September on the coast near Bridport. My recollection is that it hardly ever ceased to blow a gale and to rain. I wonder how that small resort enjoyed November! Here in West Sussex we had our flood troubles and read of flooding all over Britain, but we rather despised the published records of rainfall in the London area. Since July, we have competed handsomely with Assam. Already this year 1946, with 40¼ ins. of rain, we have assured ourselves of a twelve-years' record. In four autumn months we have doubled the year's total to the end of July. August, 5·44 ins.; September, 5·63; October, 1·03; November (to 26th), 6·24. Total, 18·34. The banks have slipped, the floors of houses have risen, the plaster has crashed down, sodden by the floods driven in under the tiles by the ceaseless gales. I remember nothing like this autumn for rain and gales.

THE OLD STAGER

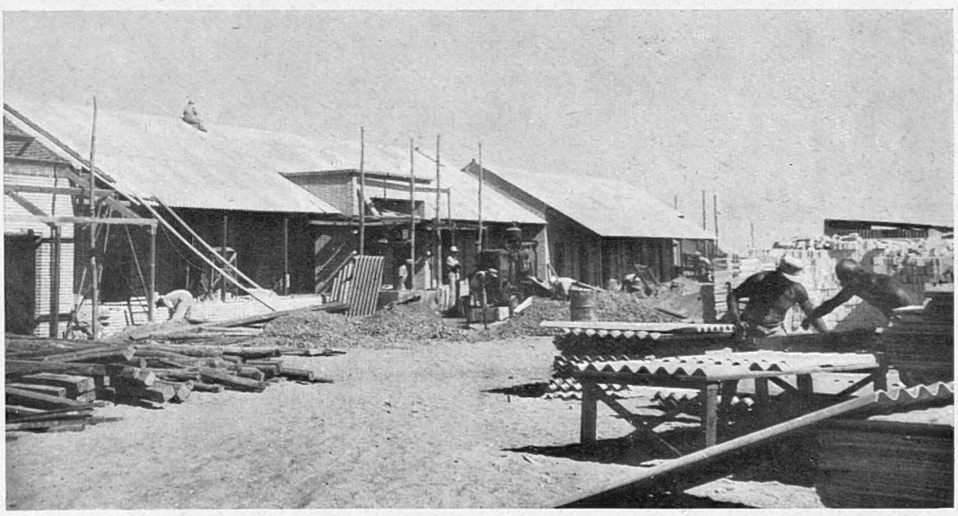
AN IDEA FOR CHRISTMAS

What could be a better choice for a friend or relation abroad than a subscription to THE SPHERE for six or twelve months? Imagine the pleasure it would give them to receive this world-renowned journal regularly every week. *A greetings card will be sent with the first copy if desired.* Subscription rates may be had on application to the Publisher, Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

THE CAMP AT FAYED IN THE MAKING : German prisoners of war, who provide the British Army's labour force, standing in front of some of the Nissen huts at Fayed, on the shores of the Great Bitter Lake, in the Suez Canal Zone. Fayed is to be the new headquarters of the British Land Forces, Middle East, and in January General Dempsey hopes to move there from his present headquarters in Cairo. The move forms yet another stage forward in Britain's gradual evacuation of Egypt. The camp will be fully occupied by next March, and is being equipped with a handsome headquarters building, a home for General Dempsey, and accommodation for the men very much on the Butlin plan. The Nissens seen in this picture were formerly occupied by Italian prisoners of war

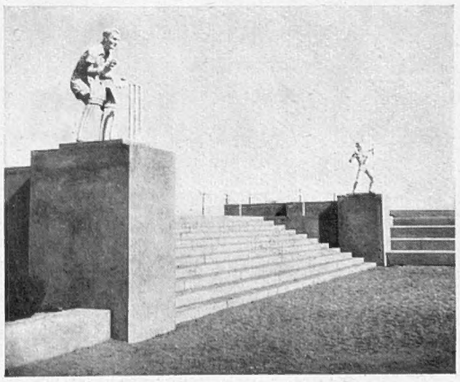
BRITAIN'S NEW MIDDLE EASTERN G.H.Q.

The Move from Cairo to the Canal Zone



THE NEW G.H.Q., MIDDLE EAST : German prisoners of war, some of them stripped to the waist and burnt black by the desert sun, at work on the brick-built headquarters at Fayed, on the shores of the Great Bitter Lake. From here General Dempsey will organise his far-flung Middle Eastern Command

GENERAL DEMPSEY INSPECTS HIS NEW HEADQUARTERS : The Commander-in-Chief seen during a visit to Fayed to inspect the progress of the construction work. General Dempsey has only recently left his command in the Far East, and in the spring he will retire from the Army to take up the appointment of the Betting Control Board's Totalisator Chief



GERMAN CONSTRUCTIONAL WORK AT FAYED : *Left*—The imposing entrance to the sports stadium, with the figures of a cricketer and an athlete adorning the concrete pillars. The stadium will play an important part in the life at Fayed when the British troops move in in force. *Right*—Work in progress on the Commander-in-Chief's home. The windows are being built intentionally small in order to keep out the burning desert heat. A balcony will run the entire length of the building

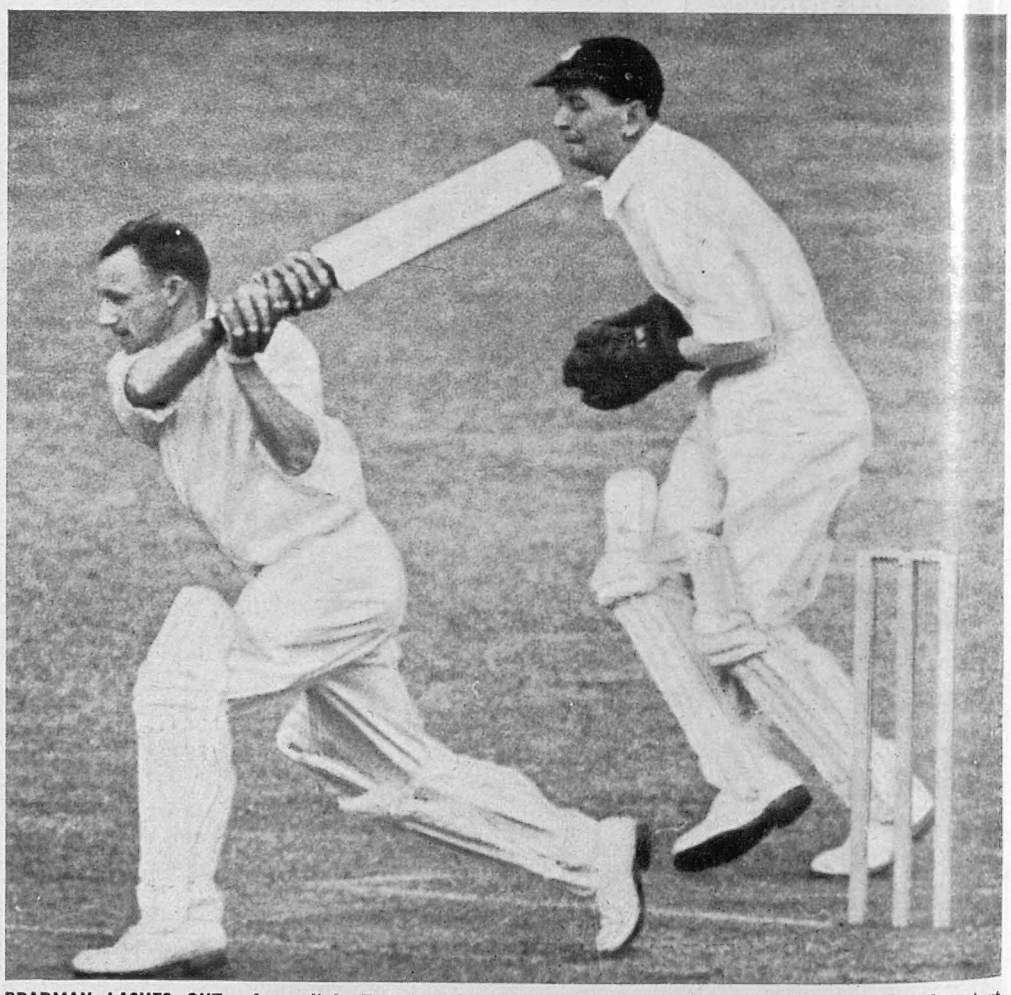
ST. ANDREW'S DAY AT ETON—THE COLLEGERS MEET THE OPPIDANS IN THE HISTORIC ETON WALL GAME: An early phase of the match, which ended in the players being coated from head to foot in mud and, for the third successive year, in no score. College Field has probably never presented a muddier spectacle, and at the close no one could tell who were Collegers and who were Oppidans

SPORT HITS THE HEADLINES

A Battle of the Mud at Eton: Bradman Dominates the Test Match

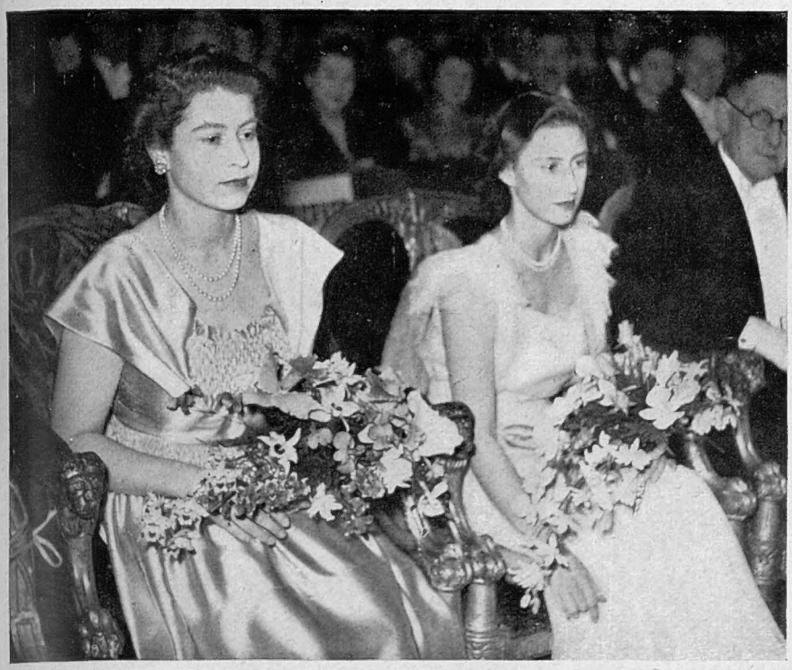
The Eton Wall Game, that spirited contest which is only really understood by Etonians past and present, and strikes the layman very much as a muddy brawl without apparent purpose, was, as usual, the big event of St. Andrew's Day at Eton and, as so often happens, it ended in no score. There was one thrilling moment towards the end of the match, however, when the Collegers flung all their weight into the fray and it seemed that there might be a score, but the Oppidans held firm and nothing happened. When the players left the field their faces were coal-black. Another match during the day was that between the Oxford and Cambridge Etonians. Between matches Sir Oliver Leese, former Eighth Army Commander, presented to Eton College Mr. Erich's picture of the Provost being knighted on the chapel steps

BRADMAN FALLS TO EDRICH: Australia's captain, after making 187 and placing his team in a commanding position, is clean bowled by the Middlesex all-rounder. This radio picture was sent from Brisbane during the second day's play in the first Test. Bradman was his old masterly self

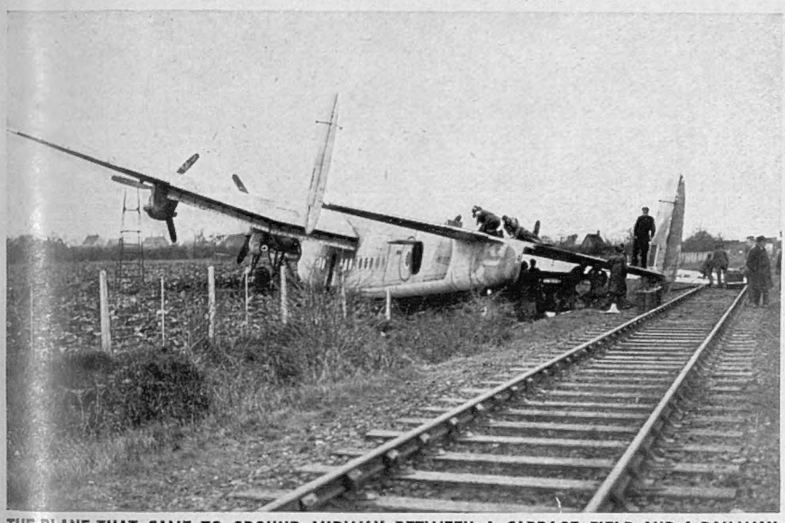


BRADMAN LASHES OUT: Australia's Test captain, whose dashing innings of 187 after a shaky start against the English bowling was the feature of the first Test at Brisbane

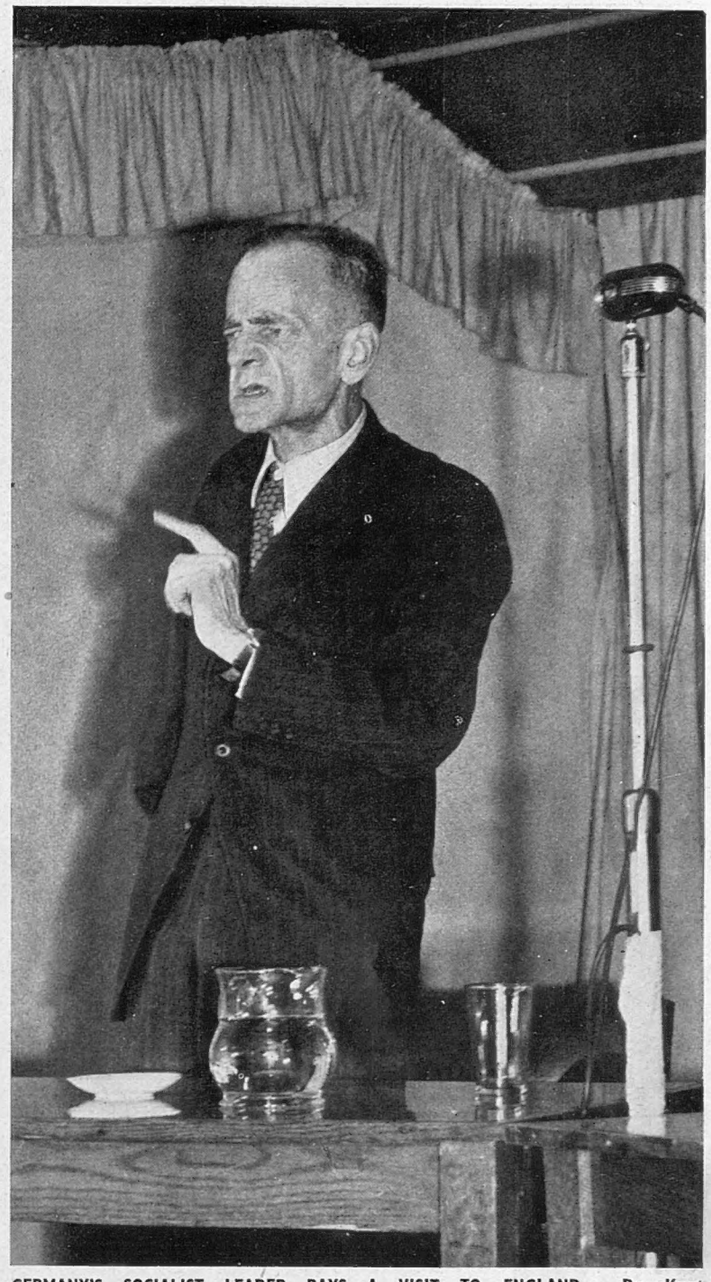
Doubts about Don Bradman's fitness and, more than that, about his continuing form were set at rest for the Australian cricket public when he scored a masterly 187 in the first innings of the first Test of the post-war series. Bradman, partnered by his vice-captain, Hassett, took toll of the English bowling in much his old style, and his sense of timing was never better. On the third day Australia's tail was skittled out by Wright and Edrich, but the total was 645. The last five wickets fell for fifty. In addition to the work of Bradman and Hassett, there were two other big innings, 79 from Miller, a carefree bat of the best type, and 95 from McCool, the Queensland all-rounder, who was making his first Test appearance. Of the M.C.C. bowlers only Wright, the Kent spin-bowler, emerged with a creditable analysis, taking 5 for 167. (See also page 335)



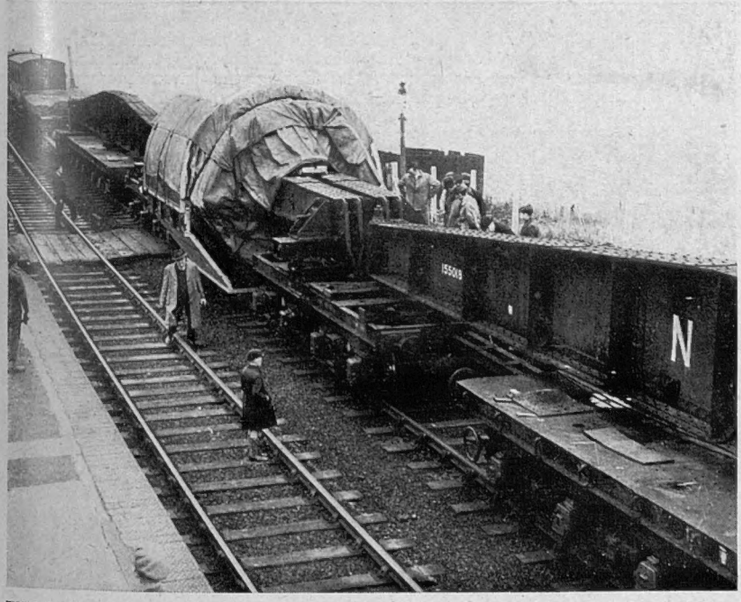
THE PRINCESSES AT THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC: Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret seen together at an evening performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Iolanthe" given by students of the school. The Lord Mayor of London, Sir Bracewell Smith, and members of the Corporation were also present. During last week-end, rumours of Princess Elizabeth's engagement were again current, her name being coupled with that of Prince Philip of Greece. It was stated that Prince Philip was about to be naturalised as a British citizen

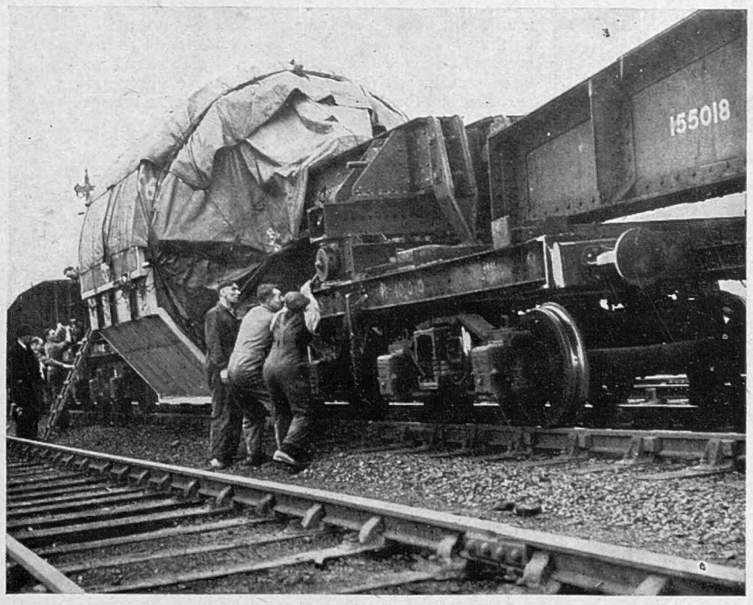


THE PLANE THAT CAME TO GROUND MIDWAY BETWEEN A CABBAGE FIELD AND A RAILWAY LINE: No one was hurt when this R.A.F. York transport crashed on the G.W.R. between Oxford and Fairford immediately after it had taken off from Brize Norton Aerodrome. As the tail of the great machine just impinged on the permanent way, the railway services between Oxford and Fairford were affected for several hours and a motor-coach was used to enable passengers to by-pass the wreck



GERMANY'S SOCIALIST LEADER PAYS A VISIT TO ENGLAND: Dr. Kurt Schumacher, fifty-one-year-old head of the German Social Democrat Party, addressing German prisoners of war at "the special school for democracy" run by the Control Commission at Wilton Park, Beaconsfield. Dr. Schumacher, who has come to Britain at the invitation of the British Labour Party, has visited numerous camps during his stay. His own sufferings at the hands of the Nazis are well known to the prisoners, and some of them gave him an enthusiastic reception. (Ferdinand Tuohy, in his article on page 316, refers to Dr. Schumacher's mission)





THE PROBLEM OF AMBLING AGNES—A GIANT PIECE OF ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT TAKES SIX WEEKS TO MOVE FROM THE TYNESIDE TO THE MIDLANDS: Ambling Agnes is a 130-ton stator forming part of the new electrical equipment for Birmingham's power station at Ham's Hall, and it is seen in these two pictures on the closing stages of the journey from Newcastle. Owing to the great width of the stator (just over 13 ft.) it had a special train all to itself, and it was only possible to move it on Sundays when the opposite line was kept clear. The trip from Tyneside took six Sundays, and in the course of it signals, plate-layers' huts, and even parts of level-crossing gates had to be temporarily dismantled. During weekdays the train rested at sidings under guard

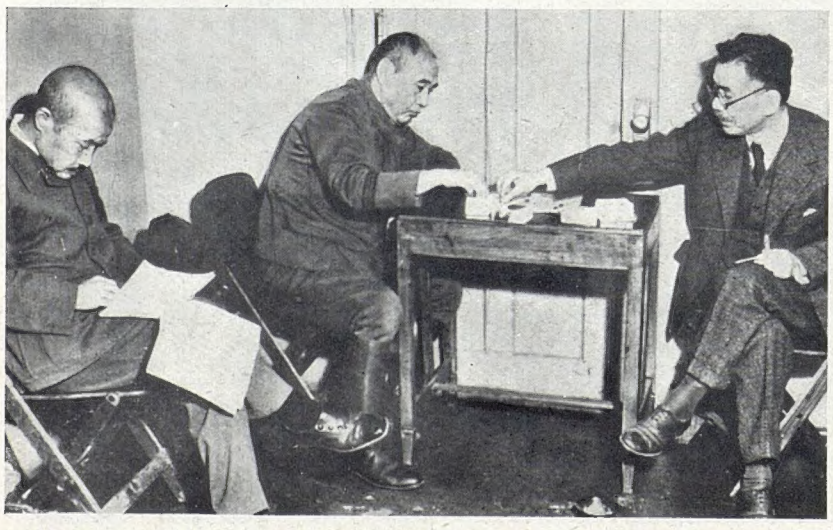
THEY ALL PLEADED NOT GUILTY: Standing in the very same dock where the highest-ranking Nazis heard their fate in the autumn, these twenty-three German doctors were arraigned at the end of November on charges of murdering thousands of concentration-camp inmates in medical experiments. Headed by Karl Brandt, Hitler's former physician, who is seen on the left of the front row, in the spot formerly occupied by Goering, they jumped to their feet with one accord and proclaimed their innocence in answer to the seventeen-page indictment. Next to Brandt is Siegfried Handloser, Nazi Medical Chief of the German Allied Forces. There was one woman among the accused, Herta Oberhauser, who is seen second from right in the back row. After the indictment had been read by Brigadier-General Telford Taylor, the American Prosecutor, the trial was adjourned until December 9

THE WAR TRIALS CONTINUE

The Nazi Doctors, French Collaborators, Japan's War Lords

With the disposal of the twenty-one major Nazis, they have been followed in the Nuremberg dock by the German doctors, the men (and one woman) who contributed to the horrors perpetrated in the name of science in the concentration camps of Auschwitz, Belsen, Dachau and Ravensbruck. Meanwhile, in France collaborators are still being dealt with by the superior courts, and in the Far East the International Tribunal deliberates on the crimes of Tojo and his associates. It will be a year or more yet before all the Axis leaders and supporters have faced their accusers, and even now some of the elusive smaller fry are falling into the Allied net, particularly in remote Eastern areas

THE MEN CHOSEN TO TRY THE NAZI DOCTORS: Judge Sebring, of Florida, Presiding Judge Beals, Washington State, Judge Crauford, of Oklahoma, and Judge Sweanyer, of Michigan. After hearing the seventeen-page indictment they fixed the opening of the hearing of evidence for December 9



JAPANESE WAR LEADERS IN A TOKYO GAOL: Ex-Premier Tojo, seen preparing his defence, while Kenoyo Sato, former Chief of Japanese Military Affairs, and Toshio Shiratori, former Adviser to the Japanese Foreign Office, while away the time with a game of "Go." All three are facing the International Tribunal of the Far East, and on more than one occasion during recent weeks Tojo has broken down in court during the hearing of evidence

IN THE PARIS COURT OF JUSTICE: Pierre Antoine Cousteau, sentenced to death, Claude Jeantet, sentenced to life imprisonment, and Lucien Rebatet, sentenced to death, hear the verdict of the court after they had been tried for collaboration with the German Army of Occupation. All three were members of the staff of the newspaper "Je Suis Partout," and in their writings came out without reservation on the side of the Nazis

THE DAKOTA ON THE GLACIER

First Pictures of the Wrecked Transport, Taken from the Ground During the Rescue

10,500 FEET UP ON THE WETTERHORN: This picture, taken by Dr. Kerber of the land rescue-party, shows the transport where it landed in the Bernese Oberland and its passengers were marooned for nearly five days, during three of which their whereabouts were unknown. Members of the rescue-party are surrounding the Dakota, which was more or less undamaged and provided a refuge for the twelve occupants

THE RESCUE OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL HAYNES: The General, who was suffering badly from frost-bite, lying on the sledge in which he was brought 3,000 ft. down the mountainside. In the background is the Fieseler Storch in which he made the rest of the journey to Meiringen

THE RESCUE-PARTY ON THEIR WAY UP THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE: The mountaineers, some carrying sledges on their backs, toiling across broken, snow-covered terrain en route to the Wetterhorn

BEFORE THE RESCUE-PARTY ARRIVED: An aerial view showing some of the passengers collecting the supplies which were dropped to them from the air. The whole district is pock-marked by the cases of food, clothing and stimulants which were parachuted down as soon as the party was located. Although the most dramatic feature of the rescue was the way in which the ski-equipped Fieseler Storch planes operated their shuttle rescue service from a ledge 7,000 ft. up to the airfield at Unterbach, the pictures on this page show in particular the work of the land rescue-party without which the Fieseler Storch pilots would never have been able to carry out their hazardous task. Within ten hours of the rescue-party arriving at the Dakota all the passengers had been conveyed in safety to Meiringen. The United States envoy has already conveyed to the Swiss Government America's thanks for the Swiss rescue effort

EUROPE'S SOCIALISTS AS THE "SANDWICH PARTY"

They Stand Between the Parties of the Right and the Threat of Communism

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE visit of Dr. Kurt Schumacher, leading German to emerge from the wreck that Hitler left, is comprehensibly a time for self-congratulation by our Socialists. Schumacher was carefully nursed to life in the British Zone—incidentally, by the political section of the much-arrowed Control Commission—and he not only gave being to a Socialist Party, but successfully resisted fusion with the Communists by giving battle to them in Berlin itself.

Already you hear it said that the Party which Schumacher has reared will develop into an aggressive form of nationalism, and no subject for any Socialists to compliment themselves upon. Whatever winds are waiting for him, few who have watched this man can have come away believing that he wills any such thing. Breathing sincerity, Schumacher wants international socialism to prevail over Europe, and at this stage of his country's ordeal his own appearance singularly helps him out. I know my British neighbour at a Hanover meeting caught my arm and said something like this :

"Great Scott ! but the man *is* Germany ! Look at his withered face ! Withered, twisted, emaciated ! Listen to how he talks ! Bitterness and irony, eh ? Rasping. Just how your average German would talk, if he could. Giving us all the caustic lip ! "

That was Schumacher all right, though it didn't exactly sound like "lip." My complaint was that I couldn't follow his stabbing epigrams, on which he seemed to make much of his argument turn.

Schumacher should, of course, have attended the secret Bournemouth Conference on the state of international socialism ; but perhaps it was thought wiser to keep him at arm's length lest he should suffer a loss of morale from the survey then made. For the full tide of Socialism that surged up in most parts of Europe after VE-Day shows marked signs of recession.

The rapid decline of French Socialism is a serious thing for our Labour Government, which counted on a long and firm "hands across the Channel" to brother-Socialists in office, in Paris, yet did precious little to ensure this desire. Anyone in this country who didn't want Communism to gain in France should have given tangible support to the French who opposed Communism. We gave the impression, at times, not only of being unaware of their interests, but even of their existence. Disliked on personal grounds, De Gaulle was treated almost as an enemy. As for French Socialism, it got no sustenance, but the reverse, from our attitude to Germany, which is, in French eyes, largely a repetition of what we did so disastrously after the other war.

The Socialist Party in France is being squeezed smaller and smaller between the two great forces of Left and Right—the Communists and the anti-Communists, whose link-up is, *au fond*, religious — "Western Christianity." It is a fateful movement, and it shows in other directions, and each time the Socialists take the knock. A current survey of Socialism on the Continent can hardly bring much comfort to Party members here. It may prove calamitous that Socialism, as the middle way, was unable to maintain its ascendancy ; at present we can only read the signs.

The Socialist picture looks bright enough in Sweden and Norway until you hear, of the latter, that the Labour Government in Oslo is accused by the countryside of bureaucratic bungling. In Denmark there is trouble ahead for Labour, which looks on the way to being squeezed by a loud-spoken Nationalist Party and Danish Communists, who assert themselves far beyond their parliamentary strength of twenty-two, and incidentally inspire some of the more forceful anti-British propaganda.

Holland shows no appreciable Labour falling-off since the 1945 flood tide, but in Belgium the Socialists are giving ground before the Christian Socialist Party. Belgian Communists are in no way yet strong enough to form the second half of the squeeze. It is a pity about Belgian Socialism, which had a results-giving team headed by Van Aacke and Spaak, but was gradually edged out by royalists and religionists, who have yet to show that they possess half the acumen which the Socialists displayed in administering the kind of State that this last war has left behind.

Spanish Socialism, which composed so much of the last Republic, shows a positive loss and retreat. Giral's mission to France and Britain yielded nothing. It did worse ; it showed up British Labour as not intending to do anything about Franco except talk. This supposed bolstering by us of a "Fascist beast" regime has done a lot towards lowering Labour's hold abroad. So very much was expected of Socialist Britain, fresh from thrilling victory. But what was this but the same old refusal to suppress reaction ? So said the Communists, and many who hesitated fell for it.

Now that French Socialism has taken such a blow, future prospects for Socialism in Spain are dim.

There *is* opposition to the Salazar regime and its name is M.U.D. (Democratic Unity Movement). But it is not a Socialist set-up, taking chiefly from intellectuals and professional men. A 60 per cent. illiteracy puts the bulk of Portuguese safely in Salazar's basket.

Cross the Mediterranean to Italy, and at once you encounter the same old squeeze of Labour between the Christian Democrats and the Communists, whose leader, Togliatti (curious how T recurs : Thorez, Tito, Togliatti), has suddenly sunk his irredentist feelings as an Italian and come out as a strident salesman of Tito and Stalin expansionism. Socialist Nenni may form the next Cabinet very soon, but so did Gouin form a Socialist Government in France, only to be squeezed out by M.R.P. and Communism. Identical forces are at work on Italy's Labour Party.

We need scarcely tarry in the Balkans, throughout which region there is no Socialism of any consequence.

In Jugoslavia we see the out-and-out totalitarian State, more Communist than the Kremlin in its youthful arrogance—who 'd have thought that out of Serbia, twice saved by the West, would come the most threatening and impudently-sustained challenge to peace directly after this recent ghastly inanity ?

Bulgaria has sent to town a thumping Communist majority, apparently honestly enough contrived. Rumania has done the same, dishonestly. But there is no real Socialist Party in Rumania, only a handful of Social Democrat Independents. And where are the Greek Socialists ? Where indeed, unless being squeezed between Right and Left, between Palace and "Banditry" ?

And so up to Central Europe in search of Socialism.

In Poland, it cuts little ice, for all our, and the Americans', care for the holding of honest elections. The Russian-controlled Communist Government has as its one serious opponent, the Peasant Party.

In Austria the Socialists have lost ground to the Austrian People's Party. The Socialists are still strong, with nearly eighty seats, and in view of the fact that Austrian Communism has only three seats, there does not appear to be the elements of the usual squeeze in this quarter. Yet that would be to neglect the latest appreciations from Vienna, where the conviction seems to be growing that, however much Austrians may hate the idea, Austria will have to fit into a Danubian society necessarily under Russian leadership, or risk being an arena, or else languish away and die.

Austrian Socialism, so rightly famous after the 1914 war, may have a far shorter run after this war. One reason is that its *émigrés* leaders came back with too much of a flourish, and have since fallen foul of colleagues who remained in Austria.

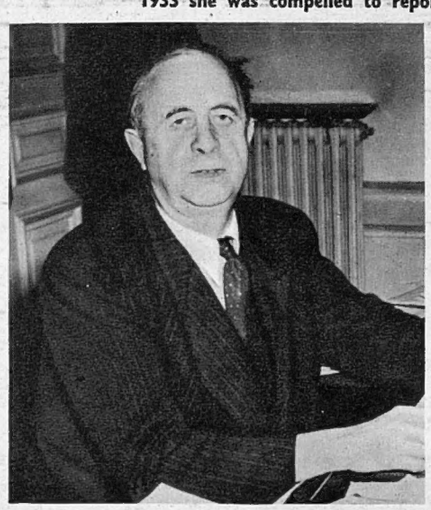
Czechoslovakia has a Coalition under a Communist Premier, Klement Gottwald, but is probably more Labour, as we know the term, than any other country on the Continent. After Munich, the Czechs intend to stay linked with Russia. But there is no threatening sign yet of totalitarianism. President Benes thinks the Czechs can keep that at a distance. "But," says Benes, "to-day everybody realises that Liberal democracy is finished. A new system is in the making—socialised democracy."

One has yet to hear of a Communist leader who does not respond to the Polit Bureau—even as Togliatti has just done over Tito's claim to lands dearly loved by all Italians. It remains to be seen whether Benes's faith in Gottwald will eventually be justified.

One need hardly add that the turn of events in the great Republic of the West has been a galling blow to Socialists here and everywhere. This second post-war Christmas, Schumacher is the one consoling factor. For the recent "rebellion" at Westminster is the beginning of the usual weakening of Labour, nearly all of whose "rebels" feel the attraction of further Left.

How long it will be before Mr. Attlee feels he is being squeezed sandwich-like between Left and Right depends on foreign events. The moral of the story seems to be that people who don't like Communism should coalesce. They don't, and, fighting singly, go down before the tremendous new machine.

IN BERLIN—WOMEN SOCIALISTS TO PLAY A PART IN CIVIC AFFAIRS : Mrs. Erna Maraun (*left*), who has been nominated to the post of Stadtrat in charge of Juvenile Affairs, following the recent elections, in which the Social Democratic Party polled about 48 per cent. of the votes. *Right*—Mrs. Luise Schroeder, who is Berlin's new Deputy Mayor. She has a long record of Socialist activity, and when the Nazis took over in 1933 she was compelled to report daily to the police for eight months



IN PARIS—FRENCH COMMUNISTS PREPARE TO SHOULDER THEIR NEW RESPONSIBILITIES : *Left*—André Marty, one of the Communist Party Secretaries, seen at his Paris office. In 1919 he was condemned to twenty years' forced labour for his part in the mutiny of the French Fleet in the Black Sea operations against Russia. He was liberated after fifty-two months in gaol, following a mass campaign for his freedom. He was first elected to the French Chamber of Deputies in 1924. *Right*—Jacques Duclos, also a Secretary of the Party and a candidate for the Premiership, following the recent elections. At the end of last week the real election victors were still in doubt, and it was thought possible that the anti-Marxist M.R.P. had rivalled the Communists in electoral votes

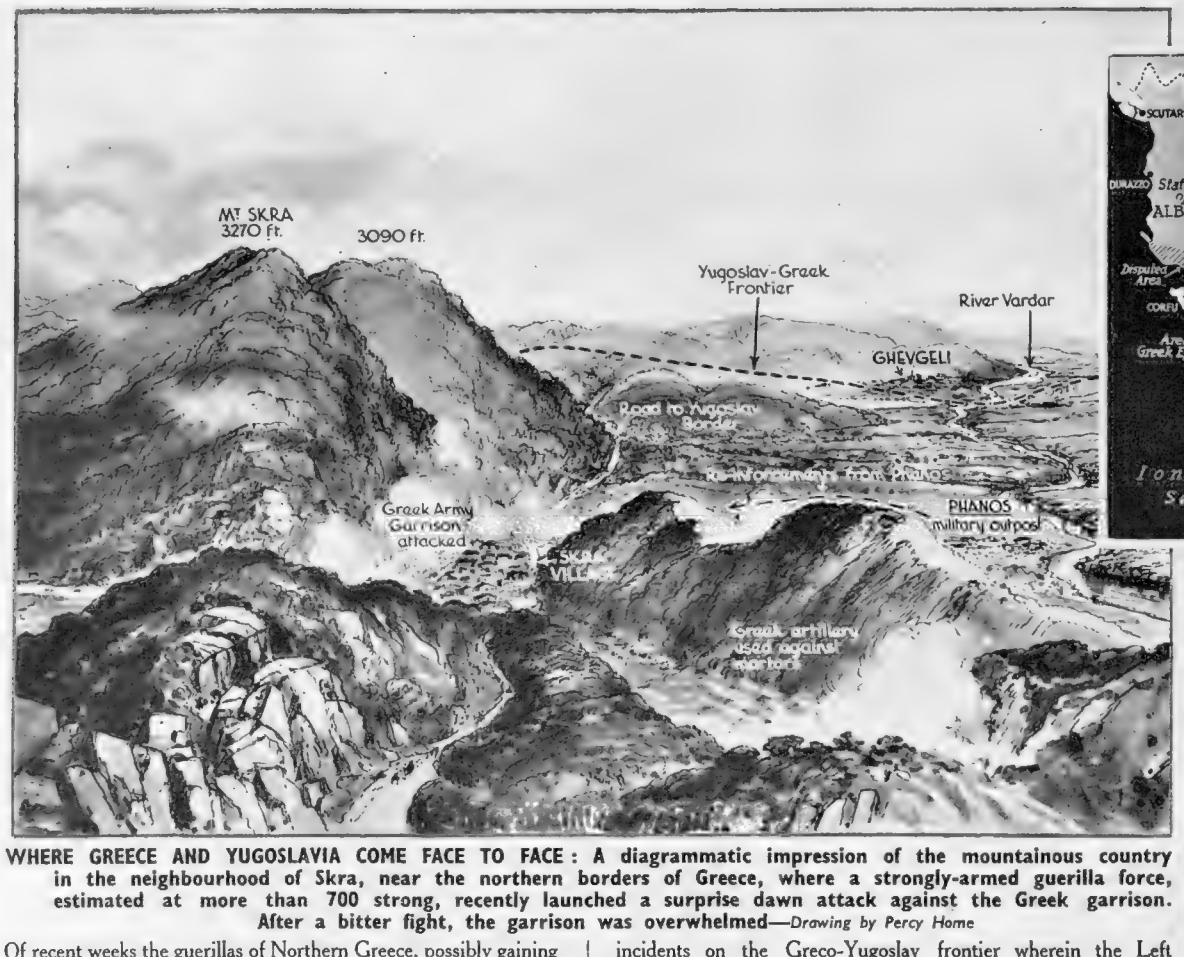
HEADQUARTERS BEYOND THE CITY WALLS: A diagrammatic sketch showing the relationship of Old Jerusalem to the former German Hospice on the Mount of Olives, which is to become the H.Q. of the British forces in Palestine in 1947. It will take the place of the King David Hotel, which was partially destroyed by terrorists last July and which may be closed for a whole year—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

JERUSALEM'S NEW MILITARY HEADQUARTERS

A JEWISH SETTLEMENT AT ESDRAELON

The German Hospice on the Mount of Olives, sometimes known as the Empress Augusta Victoria Hospice, was built by Kaiser Wilhelm II between 1907 and 1910. It will make an admirable British military headquarters, and with its commanding position on the hillside it is not likely to share the fate of the King David Hotel, which was blown up by terrorists during the summer. The German Hospice was at one time used as Government House by the British administration in Palestine, but in the earthquake of July 1927 it was seriously damaged. Apparently the damage has all been made good. Within the building the Kaiser ordered several remarkably intricate mosaics, and although of very doubtful artistic merit, they were invariably brought to the attention of visitors. The King David Hotel is situated away to the west of the old city, and it is not included in the accompanying drawing

HOW THE JEWISH COLONISTS HAVE PLANNED THEIR SETTLEMENTS—A DIAGRAMMATIC DRAWING SHOWING THE COLONY OF NAHALAL, IN THE PLAIN OF ESDRAELON, AS IT WOULD APPEAR FROM THE AIR: Like most settlements, it is built in the form of an immense circle. In the centre are public buildings surrounded by the farmhouses, and from these radiate the kitchen gardens. Then comes the main perimeter road, and after that a circle of cowsheds and stables. Stretching away into the plain are the fields and plantations, with the radiating roads leading off to all points of the compass. These settlements, which are obviously defensive in format, have grown with remarkable rapidity, and hardly a month passes by without lesser, satellite settlements being created to accommodate the steady influx of European immigrants who, quota or no quota, have made their way into the "Promised Land"



THE SCENE OF THE BORDER CLASH : A sketch-map showing the position of Skra, where a company of soldiers of the regular Greek Army had to fight for their lives against 700 guerillas who attacked the village. When reinforcements of the Greek Army arrived on the scene, the guerillas retreated across the frontier into Yugoslavia. One report stated that their retreat was covered by Yugoslavian infantrymen, but there was no confirmation of this. The village of Skra was left burning by the guerillas. Its inhabitants were all massacred

WHERE GREECE AND YUGOSLAVIA COME FACE TO FACE : A diagrammatic impression of the mountainous country in the neighbourhood of Skra, near the northern borders of Greece, where a strongly-armed guerilla force, estimated at more than 700 strong, recently launched a surprise dawn attack against the Greek garrison. After a bitter fight, the garrison was overwhelmed—*Drawing by Percy Home*

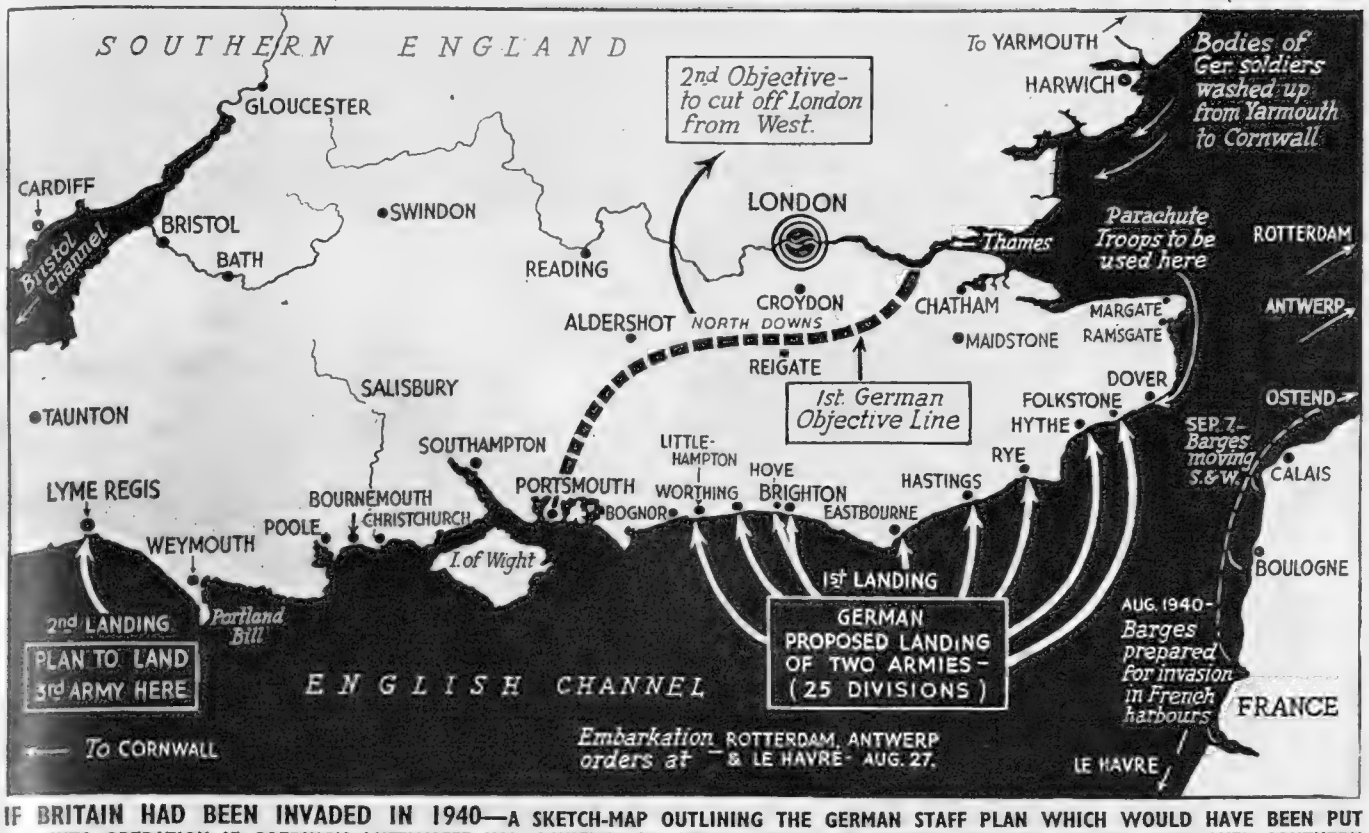
Of recent weeks the guerillas of Northern Greece, possibly gaining assurance from backing north of the border, have been engaged in active operations against the Greek Army, and towards the end of November matters reached a crisis when the Greek garrison was attacked and overwhelmed in the village of Skra. Since then conditions have continued to deteriorate, and relations between the Governments of Yugoslavia and Greece—whose people have long been firm friends—have been strained to breaking-point. In a memorandum the Greek Government set forth twenty-one incidents on the Greco-Yugoslav frontier wherein the Left Wing guerillas, who are fighting the Athens Central Government, have received sanctuary or other help from the Yugoslav side of the border. At the same time, the Yugoslav Government has accused the Greek Government of violation of its air space. Bulgaria has also taken a hand in the war of words which has accompanied the fighting, and the Belgrade newspaper *Borba* has complained that " the Greek Monarcho-Fascist Government is fighting a war of extermination against the Republican majority "

FRICTIONAL POINTS IN A TROUBLED WORLD

The Greco-Yugoslav Border Clashes : Britain and Cyrenaica : Russia, America and the Danubian Shipping : The Bombing of Antung

THE UNION JACK STILL FLIES OVER TOBRUK—**ROAD CONSTRUCTION IN PROGRESS OUTSIDE THE BRITISH HEADQUARTERS, WHERE THIRTEEN MEN UNDER CAPTAIN NUGENT, THE POLITICAL OFFICER, CONTROL THE FORMER COLONY OF CYRENAICA : The British military and political administration will remain in force until the United Nations decide the future of Cyrenaica**—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

Cyrenaica, across which the British Army swept in victory under Wavell, in subsequent defeat, and finally in triumph after Alamein, is to-day awaiting the verdict of the United Nations as to its future status, and it may well prove a point of considerable friction between the Big Four. Meanwhile, Captain Nugent, as Chief Political Officer in the colony, taking his orders from Brigadier Cumming's H.Q. in Cairo, continues the work of administrating this territory larger than Britain with the help of twelve other British soldiers, several units of African troops, and 10,000 German prisoners of war, mostly men who fought in the Afrika Korps. With Britain leaving Egypt, Cyrenaica has a new and vital importance in the Eastern Mediterranean, and the great aerodrome at El Adem, with its runways capable of almost unlimited extension in the vast expanse of the desert, is already a busy air junction



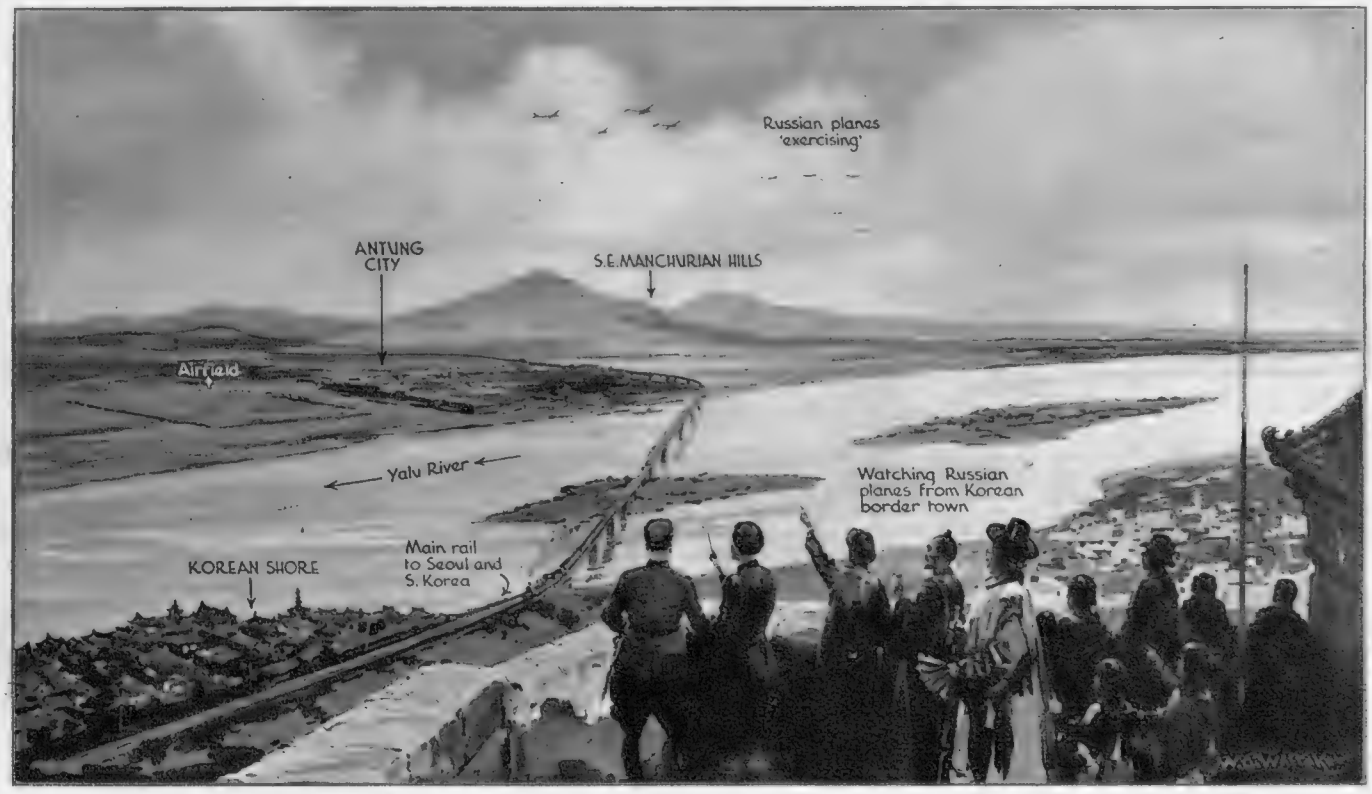
IF BRITAIN HAD BEEN INVADED IN 1940—A SKETCH-MAP OUTLINING THE GERMAN STAFF PLAN WHICH WOULD HAVE BEEN PUT INTO OPERATION IF GOERING'S LUFTWAFFE HAD ACHIEVED ITS INITIAL OBJECT IN GAINING MASTERY OF THE SKIES OVER SOUTHERN ENGLAND : The first full official account of the German plan was given recently in a written Parliamentary reply by Mr. Attlee, who declared that the Germans proposed to land two armies, totalling twenty-five divisions, on the coast between Folkestone and Worthing. The first objective was to advance to a line running from Portsmouth through Reigate to the Thames Estuary

HITLER'S INVASION PLAN

When in the late summer of 1940 Mr. Churchill declared that the invasion of Britain was imminent, those were no idle words to whip up the energies of the people at a time of crisis, but a plain statement of grim fact. The story of Germany's invasion plan was given recently in Parliament by Mr. Attlee, who showed how after the air offensive ten divisions were to be landed on the Kent and Sussex coasts. After about eight days of reinforcement, bringing the total up to twenty-five divisions, it was planned that the invading armies should have consolidated on the line running between Portsmouth, the North Downs and the Thames. Their second objective would be to cut off London from the west with a great outflanking movement which, if all had gone well, would have cut across the Thames somewhere in the region of Maidenhead. Meanwhile, it was expected that a third army would be landed at Lyme Regis, in Dorset, and this army would have tried to cross the narrow neck of land to the North Devon coast and thus cut off Cornwall and Devon at one blow, including the valuable anchorage at Plymouth among its captures. A significant feature of the plan was that the ports of Chatham and Sheerness were to be taken intact

THE BIG FOUR REACH A MEASURE OF AGREEMENT ON THE DANUBIAN QUESTION : A sketch-map showing the course of the river from Austria through Hungary, Yugoslavia, Rumania and Bulgaria to its delta on the Black Sea. Ever since the close of the war traffic on the Danube has been almost at a standstill owing to disagreements between the riparian Powers, and the more powerful half of the river fleet has lain upstream at Regensburg, in the American Zone, where it fled before the advancing Russians in 1945. Mr. Molotov has been most critical of the American attitude in the matter, and it was a cause for great Russian satisfaction in New York recently when Mr. Byrnes announced that all property belonging to Danubian ex-enemy States would be released. The river fleet has now begun to sail downstream from Regensburg, and, as a result, Mr. Molotov has declared that Hungary, in particular, can look forward to a considerable improvement in transportation and a consequent improvement in her general economic condition

THE RELEASE OF THE DANUBIAN SHIPPING : Hungarian and other Danubian river steamers passing through the Passau Gorge above Vienna on being released from Regensburg, where they have been held by the American authorities since the close of the war. Mr. Molotov has repeatedly asked for this release, and has claimed that the holding-up of the ships has ruined the economic situation in Hungary. At the same time, Mr. Bevin and Mr. Byrnes have been critical of the Russian policy in the Danube Basin, claiming that the Danube should be international



On right—**A CRITICAL SITUATION ON THE BORDERS OF KOREA AND MANCHURIA : An artist's impression of the estuary of the Yalu River, showing the situation of Antung, which was recently captured by the Chinese Nationalists from the Communist forces. Shortly after the capture of the town, Russian planes, which frequently exercise in the area and whose pilots know the region well, dropped bombs on Antung. Russian sources at once made haste to describe the bombing as an accident which occurred during routine bombing practice which should have taken place in the North Korean hill country. The Chinese point out that the Russians have been in Korea since August 1945, and that they know the exact line of the border well, the Yalu River being an unmistakable frontier**—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

CAIRO STUDENTS MAKE THEIR PRESENCE FELT: Police and armoured cars line a street leading from the University of Fuad Awal to the centre of the city when checking an anti-British demonstration. The demonstrations started on November 18 and continued over a week

THE STUDENT RIOTS IN CAIRO

And Other Foreign News Pictures

CAIRO STUDENTS OVERTURN A TRAMCAR: A typical incident during the week and more of rioting which was largely concentrated in the area of Fuad Awal University. The students wished to march to the Abdin Palace to demand the speedier evacuation of British troops from Egypt and for the union of Egypt and the Sudan. On November 27 there were clashes both in Cairo and Alexandria, the students attacking the police both with stones and clubs, and in a few isolated instances with revolvers. The riots coincided with the final negotiations preceding the signing of the Treaty with Britain. It is expected that the Treaty will be ratified in Egypt before the end of the year, but it appears that the Egyptian Government has not been forceful enough to suit the student fraternity. The students are particularly critical of the idea that the Sudan should continue to be ruled as a condominium of both Britain and Egypt

SHE TAUGHT THE TECHNIQUE, AND ALSO APPLIED IT: Theodora Binz, who was responsible for training women concentration-camp guards. She was at one time chief woman guard at the notorious camp at Ravensbruck, and she will stand her trial at Hamburg this month on a charge of maltreating thousands of Allied prisoners. When Fraulein Binz was at Ravensbruck she numbered among her pupils the notorious Irma Grese, the Belsen guard who was eventually condemned to death

A GERMAN WOMAN SENTENCED TO FIFTEEN YEARS' IMPRISONMENT WITH HARD LABOUR: Helena Schwaerzel escorted by guards to the court-house at Leipzig, where she was found guilty of betraying the late Karl Goerdeler, the former Mayor of Leipzig, who was ringleader in the plot to assassinate Hitler in July 1944. Helena Schwaerzel, who is forty-four years old and a seamstress, was also deprived of her rights of citizenship for ten years. The judgment was delivered by a German County Court operating under the present de-Nazification laws. The prisoner, strangely enough, was defended by Dr. Paul Ronge, of Konigsberg, a friend of Dr. Goerdeler

THE DESOLATE SCENE OF THE BIG WEST AUSTRALIAN GOLD STRIKE: A view of the surface workings of the mine at Day Dawn, near Kalgoorlie, where a syndicate, comprising one Australian and eleven Italians, has already produced 2,000 tons of ore valued at £100,000. The rich reef has twice been missed by big mining companies operating in the area, and when the present syndicate acquired the mine in 1941, they were told that it was not worth "two bob." The mine is in the centre of Day Dawn, once a boom-town of 7,000 inhabitants, and now a ghost town with no more than twenty people living among its abandoned shacks. Mining men have always thought that valuable reef underlies Day Dawn, but they were surprised beyond all belief when the last crushing at the Cue Battery returned 4,000 ozs. of gold from 938 tons of ore. All the ore shows visible gold

THE WAY TO ELDORADO: Luigi Arrigoni, manager of the Day Dawn Mine, about to descend into the workings. Luigi is one of the partners in Day Dawn, and until they struck the reef the syndicate was in financial straits

THE GRAIN HOARDERS OF LOMBARDY: Sacks of corn being removed from a house in the countryside near Milan. This picture was taken recently during the police descent on the farming district round Milan with a view to confiscating all grain held by the country people in excess of requirements. There were no active demonstrations as the grain was removed, but verbal opposition was intense. By this action the Milanese police hope to persuade people that it is wiser to market their grain and give the whole community a chance to buy it at the Government retail prices

RANDOLPH CHURCHILL IN NEW YORK: The son of Britain's wartime leader gives a lecture on "Europe To-day." Mr. Churchill had a bumper audience, with women much to the fore, and gave his summing-up of conditions on the Continent. In a question period following the talk he declared that the problem of the Jews would be small if it was handled with humanity

AN IMPORTANT ARCHÆOLOGICAL FIND IN MODERN JERUSALEM: A view of the uncovered foundations of the Tower of Psephinus, one of the ninety towers guarding the Third Wall of Jerusalem during the siege of Titus in the reign of King Agrippa (A.D. 44). The relics are in the grounds of the Syrian Orthodox Church in the Street of the Prophets and not far from the centre of modern Jerusalem. An effort will now be made to trace the wall, which is believed to have extended for over five Roman miles and ended not far from the Valley of Kedron. The First Wall, it may be remembered, was built by David and enlarged by Solomon. One of the builders of the Second Wall was Nehemiah

ALUMINIUM HOUSES ROLL OFF THE PRODUCTION-LINE : One of four sections of a prefabricated dwelling, with fitments installed, being towed from the assembly-shop at Hawksley's, Gloucester, where twenty-five houses are being completed every day. Already 10,000 aluminium houses have been constructed in Britain, and the Ministry of Supply aims to produce about 55,000 by next autumn

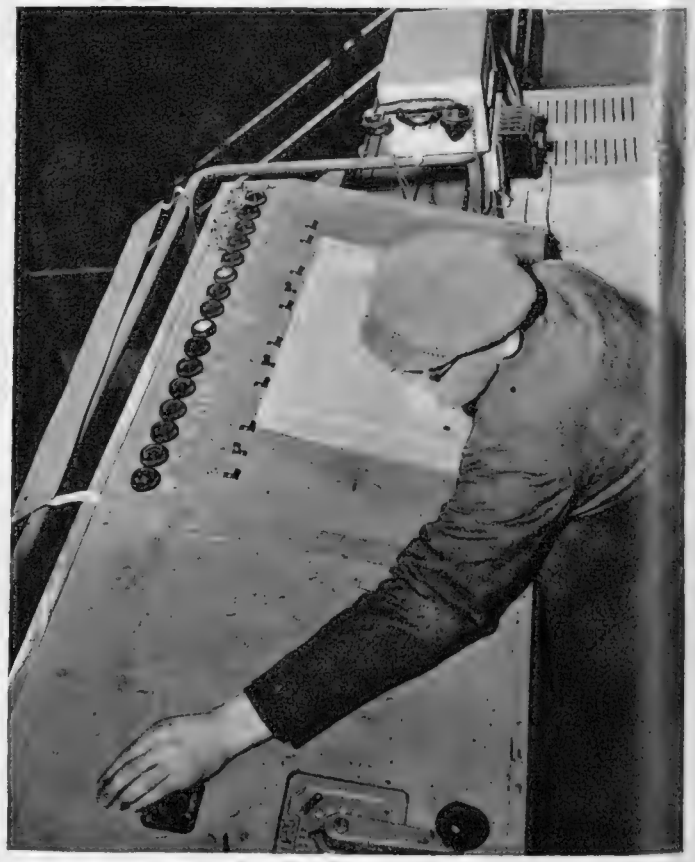
BRITAIN HAS 10,000 ALUMINIUM HOUSES

High-speed Production to Meet the Needs of the Homeless

PREFABRICATED HOUSES TAKE TO THE ROAD : Sections leaving Hawksley Works at Gloucester. Each house, comprising four units, weighs just under 7 tons, and they are transported by road trailer to the building site. As all fittings are included, there are no delays

At the end of November the 10,000th aluminium house to come off the production-lines in Britain was handed over to Brighton Corporation. At the moment sixty or seventy aluminium houses are being produced every day, and it is hoped by next autumn to have reached a total of 55,000. Among the biggest producers of aluminium houses are Hawksley's, of Gloucester, who have converted their aircraft production-lines to the needs of this new industry. As the accompanying pictures show, the houses are turned out in four sections and, with all their fitments, are despatched by road to the selected building site. On a recent occasion four sections were delivered to a site at ten o'clock in the morning and before three o'clock the same day a family had already moved in its furniture. The aluminium house is classed as a temporary dwelling, but Mr. Wilmot, the Minister of Supply, declares that it is likely to last a hundred years

THE ASSEMBLY-LINE AT HAWKSLEY'S : Each prefabricated section goes forward on an overhead rail and at each point on the journey new panels and new fitments are added. Hawksley's, makers of aircraft during the war years, have swiftly converted their factory to this new task. 75 tons of metal a day go to the making of the prefabricated houses



WAITING TO GIVE THE SIGNAL : This is the assembly-line control panel at Hawksley's factory. When all the lights on the panel are out, each one of which represents a stage on the assembly-line, the controller sounds the siren for workers to stand clear. The aluminium sections are then automatically moved up one position on the line and the work goes on

ANOTHER TYPE OF ALUMINIUM HOUSE : This pair of semi-detached villas is under construction at Stanwell, Middlesex, by Staines Urban District Council. The concrete lower walls are not added until the second storey is complete. The roof being on, carpenters and joiners are able to work on the house in bad weather. At the moment there is a big drive to complete roofing

UXBRIDGE COUNCIL KEEPS THE PEOPLE INFORMED : Housewives studying the Housing Guide which has been set up in a window in front of the Council Offices. The guide shows the available building sites in the urban district, the number of housing schemes launched, and the rate of progress. The Council's target is 2,000 houses in five years

WHAT CAN BE ACHIEVED IN ALUMINIUM AND CONCRETE : Two of the finished semi-detached houses built for Staines Urban District Council on a site at Stanwell, Middlesex. Each house has three bedrooms, two reception rooms, a kitchen and a bathroom, and it can be completed in five weeks if the requisite labour is available. The whole design is distinctly pleasing. Altogether, 114 of these houses are included in the Staines programme, and they are also going up in many other parts of the country. The aluminium parts are all standard fitments

THE ROBOT BRICK-CARRIER : The man with the hod has no ladders to scale on this Hebburn-on-Tyne building site. He brings bricks to the foot of the patent elevator and up they go to the bricklayers on the second storey. Bricks can be carried to a height of 30 ft. at the rate of 2,000 per hour. The elevator will be used on each of the site's eighty houses as they reach the second storey

AN ALUMINIUM PREFABRICATED HOUSE IS CRANED INTO POSITION : The house has just arrived on the site by motor trailer, having come by road from Gloucester. The four sections are lifted off the lorries and bolted together on the brick foundations. The incoming tenants will not have to wait long, as all the fittings are provided with the house. This house was erected at Brighton on the site where Britain's 10,000th aluminium house has just been installed

GERMAN TIMBER FOR BRITISH HOUSING : Planks being reloaded on to a sea-going vessel from a Rhine barge in the port of Rotterdam. German timber is now being brought to Britain in increasing quantities, rising from £60 worth last February to £267,152 worth in October. The Board of Trade reckons that during the first three months of 1947 imports of German timber, mainly softwood, will be 225,000 tons, and the bulk of this will play its part in the housing programme. Reserve stacks of timber are also being built up in Rotterdam

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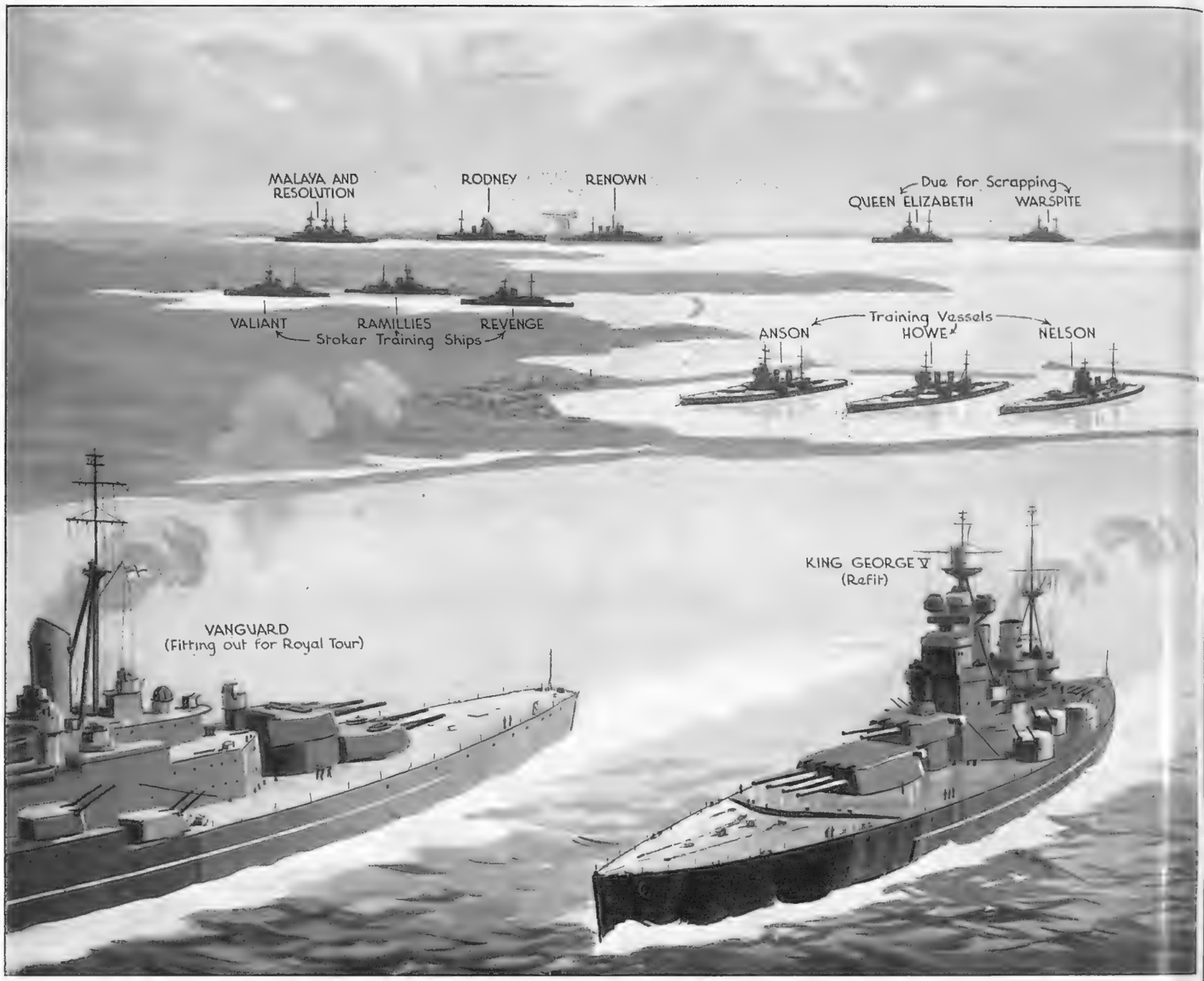


THE NAVY FACES MAN-POWER DIFFICULTIES: A diagrammatic sketch showing the disposition of British battleships in November 1946. The greater part of them are in reserve or on training duties, and of the fifteen capital ships the Navy had when the war ended, only three are now in commission—the "Vanguard," the "King George V" and the "Duke of York." Of these, the "Vanguard" is being prepared for the Royal visit to South Africa, and the "King George V" is about to start an extensive refit. The only two other really modern battleships, the *Anson* and the *Howe*, are now in Weymouth Bay, acting as training-ships for recruits to the Fleet. That our most powerful ships should be put to this use may seem strange, but the Admiralty view is that since the man-power situation makes it impossible to man the vessels properly, it is advisable to take advantage of the position to give recruits their training in the type of modern ship they will actually take to sea. The *Rodney* is now on a care and maintenance basis. The *Queen Elizabeth* is due for scrapping, as also is that old warrior the *Warspite*—*Drawing by S. E. Beck*

WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO BRITAIN'S BATTLESHIPS

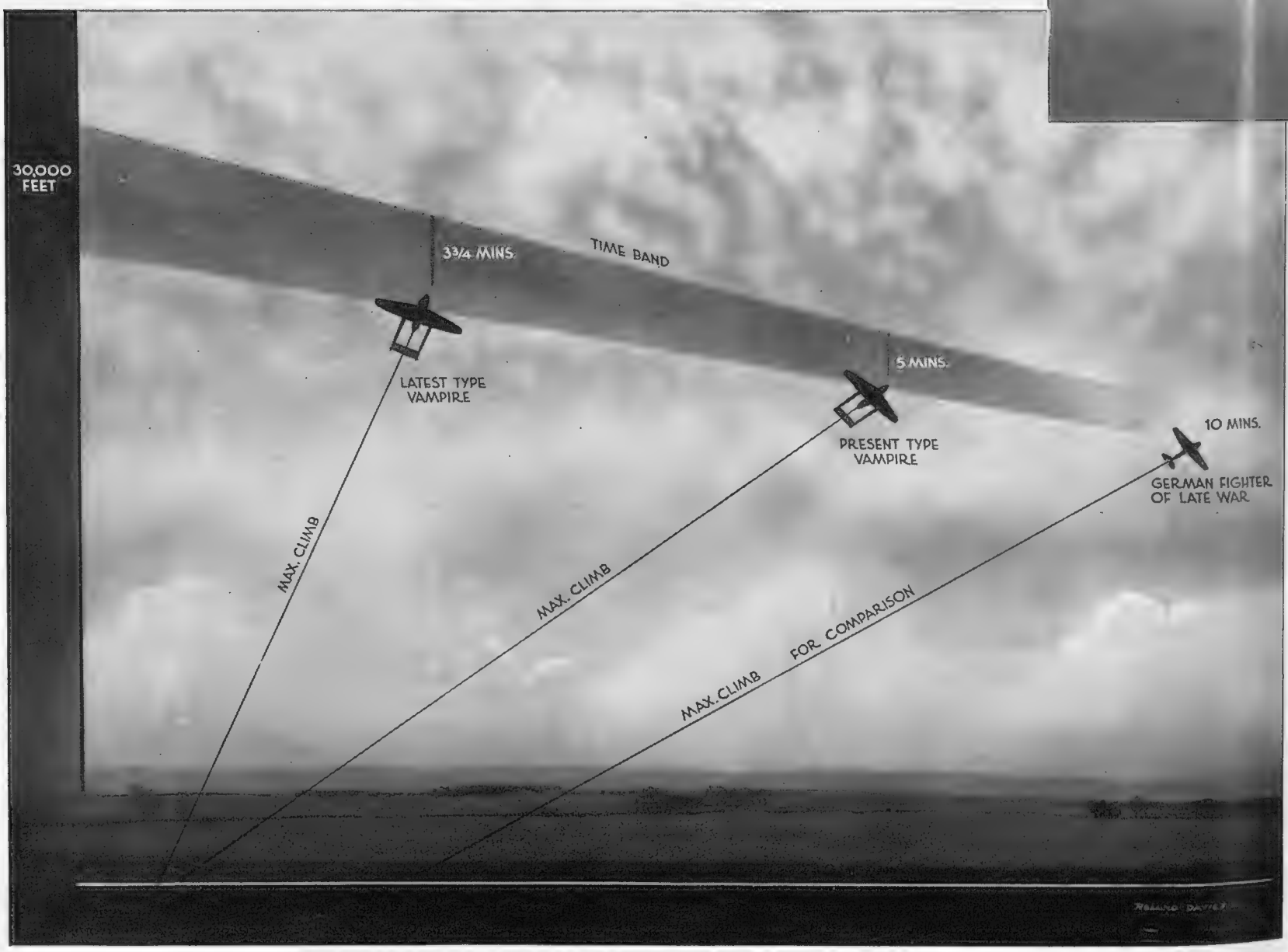
Some are Training Vessels, Some are on a Care and Maintenance Basis, and Some are Due to be Scrapped

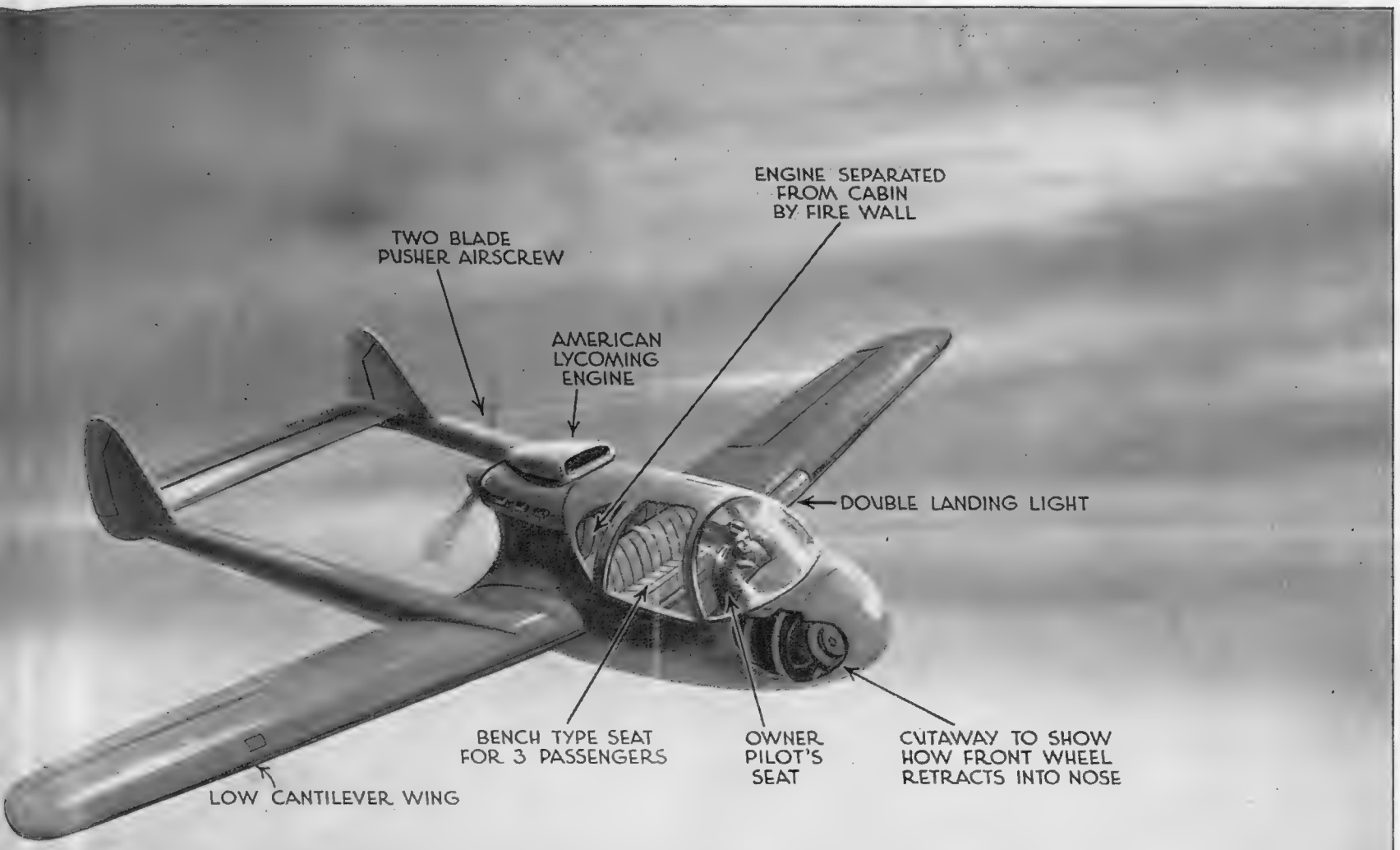
AUSTRALIA-BOUND WITH 500 PASSENGERS—THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "VICTORIOUS" IS ESCORTED BY A TUG INTO VALETTA HARBOUR, MALTA: The "Victorious," with her upper hangar converted into a dormitory, and with some cabins fitted out for passengers, is carrying on her passenger list Service personnel and also civilians with priority passages. The accommodation is certainly not that of one of the great Orient or P. and O. liners, but for those in a hurry to get to Australia a little discomfort is no barrier. On her last trip from Sydney the "Victorious" carried 800 war brides. It is the custom of the Admiralty to ensure that no vessels sail with empty accommodation, and the Carriers, in particular, have done excellent work in filling the gap until the shipping companies can restore their full peace-time services. The official displacement of the "Victorious" is 23,000 tons

H.M.S. "SUPERB" PAYS A VISIT TO THE PORT OF ANTWERP—BRITAIN'S LATEST CRUISER NAVIGATES THE WATERS OF THE SCHELDT WITHOUT THE AID OF TUGS: The 8,000-ton cruiser tying up at Antwerp Docks at the end of the voyage from England. Her feat in steaming up the estuary unaided has not before been achieved by a vessel of this size. The "Superb" was completed in October 1945, and she is now the flagship of the Second Cruiser Squadron, wearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Packer. During the recent Home Fleet exercises off the West Coast, her powerful anti-aircraft batteries showed to advantage in warding-off the attacks of land-based aircraft from other units of the Fleet. The "Superb" is a modified version of the Uganda class. Her armament includes nine 6-in. guns and no fewer than ten radar-controlled 4-in. anti-aircraft guns

THE "KING GEORGE V" ARRIVES AT DEVONPORT FOR AN EXTENSIVE REFIT—THE FLAGSHIP OF THE HOME FLEET TYING UP ON REACHING HER HOME PORT: The "King George V," nameship of her class and second only to the "Vanguard" in importance among our capital ships, is to undergo a large-scale overhaul. The refit is long overdue, as this 35,000-ton vessel has played a very full part in war and post-war duties ever since her historic action in 1941 when she helped to account for the "Bismarck." This picture gives a clear view of the "King George V's" forward 14-in. guns and also of some of her powerful radar-directed anti-aircraft guns, which can be seen mounted in twin turrets beside the superstructure. These anti-aircraft guns are capable of high-angle and low-angle fire, engaging both planes and surface craft, and they can fire with complete accuracy through cloud and smoke-screens

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF THE FIESELER STORCH AS AN ALPINE RESCUE CRAFT—ONE OF THE TWO SKI-EQUIPPED, SLOW-FLYING PLANES SEEN BEFORE TAKING OFF FROM THE 7,000-FT. LEDGE WHEN RESCUING PASSENGERS FROM THE WRECKED DAKOTA IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND : On their remarkable mission, in which they were piloted by two officers of the Swiss Air Force, the machines landed on this narrow ledge and for six hours operated a shuttle service between the glacier and the airfield at Unterbach, near Meiringen, eventually bringing all the passengers to safety. On the following day Captain Hug, one of the pilots, returned to the glacier and in three trips brought down 1,500 lbs. of equipment belonging to the passengers. Details of this aerial part of the rescue show that it was carried out with judgment and courage. Captain Hug sighted the rescue party as it was beginning the descent. He made two experimental low flights over the spot, and got the guides to tell him by optical signalling the state of the snow and the best place to attempt a landing. Then he put his machine down to the exact spot indicated. He had only about 25 yards of level ground in which to land





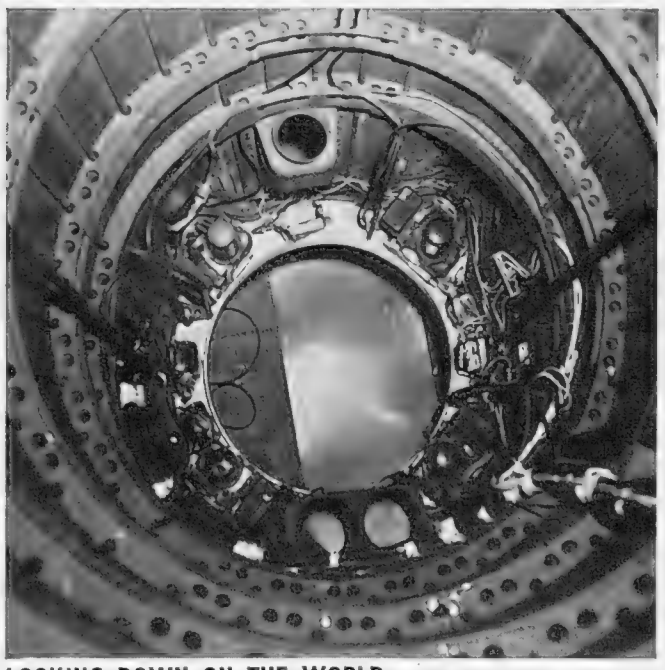
Aviation News

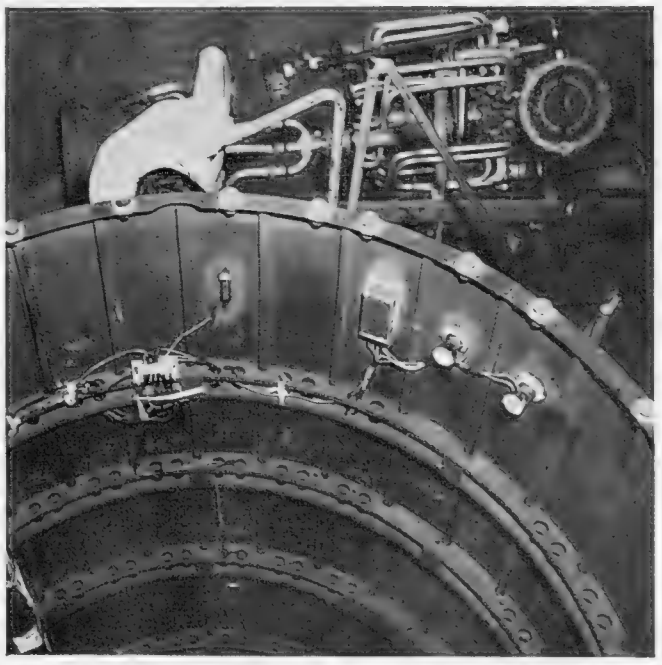
THE SKI PLANES IN THE ALPS

A New Vampire : Fokker's "Promoter" at the Paris Show : Rocket Developments

FOR FLYING DUTCHMEN—AN ATTRACTION AT THE PARIS AVIATION EXHIBITION, FOKKER'S FIRST POST-WAR AEROPLANE DESIGNED FOR THE "OWNER-DRIVER": This twin-boomed machine known as the Fokker "Promoter" has aroused particular interest among visitors to the show at the Grand Palais. The "Promoter," which is a four-seater, is designed as much as possible on the lines of a motor-car, and the large door, which can be jettisoned in an emergency, enables the elderly passenger to get in and out of the cabin with ease. The pilot is seated on an adjustable chair, and behind him there is a comfortable lounge seat accommodating three passengers. A large arm-rest can be lowered if there are only two passengers, and there is plenty of leg-room. Special attention has been paid to the provision of an unobstructed view. The engine, a 190-h.p. Lycoming, or, alternatively, a 185-h.p. Continental, is mounted on a steel structure in the rear part of the fuselage, and it is separated from the passengers by a bulkhead fire-wall. In this way the passengers are not upset by disagreeable smells of fuel and oil and the fire-risk is minimised. The retractable tricycle-type undercarriage is operated hydraulically—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

On left—**THE VITAL IMPORTANCE OF HIGH-SPEED INTERCEPTION: A diagrammatic sketch comparing the speed of climb of a German fighter in the Second World War, the speed of climb of the present type of Vampire, and the speed of the new type of Vampire which has been ordered for the R.A.F.** The standard Vampire can reach about 30,000 ft. in five minutes, and its successor should be able to make a similar climb in three-quarters of the time. The new Vampire's ceiling will be about 50,000 ft., and by its introduction the possibility of intercepting bombers will naturally be enhanced. The average rate of climb to 30,000 ft. is still less than 1,000 m.p.h., but theoretically with jet or rocket power climbing speed should one day be equal to the forward speed of a plane. From a tactical point of view it is considered essential that a modern Air Force should have an interceptor able to reach 30,000 ft. within a minute of taking off—*Drawing by Roland Davies*





LOOKING DOWN ON THE WORLD—CAMERAS SOAR 65 MILES ABOVE THE EARTH AND INTO THE IONOSPHERE: The United States Army conducts a remarkable series of V 2 experiments at White Sands, New Mexico. *Left*—An interior view of a German-type V 2 rocket looking towards the tail assembly and showing the six gun-type cameras which recorded pictures four times every second as the rocket soared to a height of 65 miles. *Right*—The Thermistors mounted on the shell of the rocket to measure skin temperatures during the flight. The pictures taken by these cameras were recorded in last week's issue of THE SPHERE, and one, taken at the zenith of the rocket's flight, showed the horizon at a distance of over 700 miles. The cameras are so placed in the casing of the rocket that when it crashes to earth at the termination of its flight they will receive a measure of protection, and on most occasions the negatives have been recovered intact. The experiments at the United States Army's Proving Grounds at White Sands are being carried out in conjunction with scientists from the Johns Hopkins University

LIFE IS HARD ON THE CAPE HORN ROAD : Lines and nets rigged on the deck of a great windjammer for the safety of the crew, who work in all weathers on the open decks. All the running rigging leads to the deck, and the work here is frequently more dangerous than it is aloft. Few of the grain-racers have survived the war, but it is possible that six of them will re-enter the grain trade, and they will operate on the Cape Horn route

THE OLD FULL-RIGGER WANDERS HOME THROUGH THE TRADES : The "Joseph Conrad" seen under a full press of sail but with her fore royal gone after a battle with the elements in the region of Cape Horn. Having come into sunshine and good weather, the rest of the voyage home will make up for the hardships of the Horn. The "Joseph Conrad," now a school ship in America, was sailed round the world in 1934, 1935 and 1936 by the Australian navigator Alan Villiers, who took these pictures

A QUIET DAY BEFORE THE RIGOURS OF THE HORN : Members of a windjammer crew engaged in changing a sail. This is a big job, even in good weather, as one sail may weigh as much as a ton. The sails are of heavy hemp canvas bound with strong wire. Much of this hemp canvas comes from Arbroath, and the Scottish product is considered the best in the world. Note the youth sitting nonchalantly right out on the yard-arm

The GRAIN CLIPPERS MAY SAIL AGAIN

The War Has Reduced the Windjammer Fleet, but Some of Them Still Survive

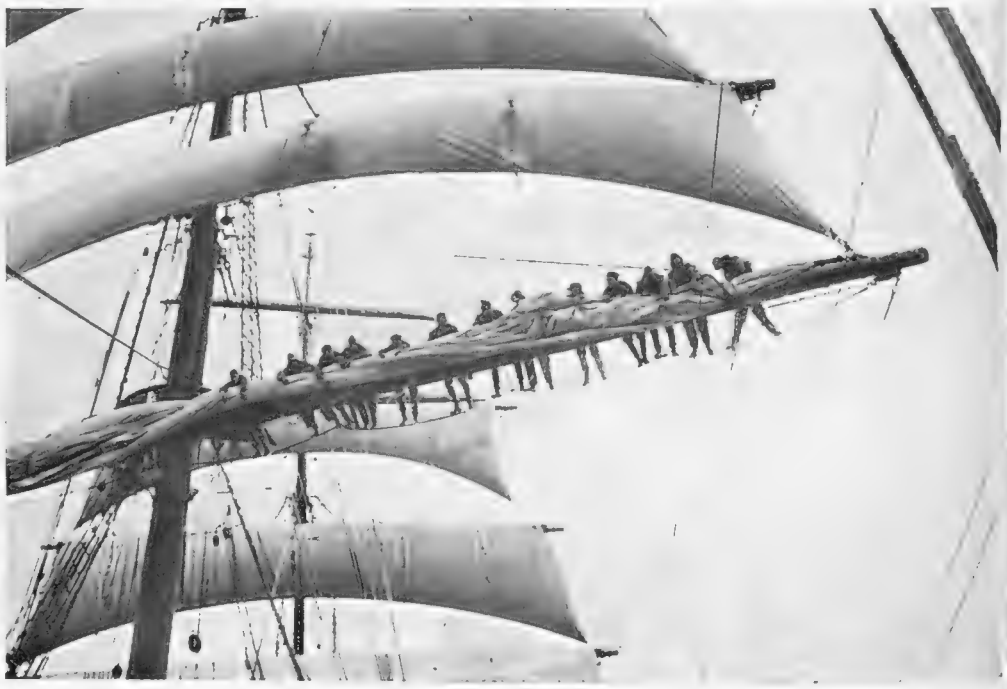
No ships are held in greater affection than the Australian grain-racers, and it is good to know that at least a few of them may sail again on the Cape Horn route, though it is probable that their racing days are done. In the following notes Alan Villiers, who won fame by his world voyages in the "Joseph Conrad," tells the story of the survivors of the once mighty fleet of windjammers and discusses prospects for the future. The photographs on these pages are also the work of Commander Villiers.

Whatever else it may or may not have done, the war reduced the Cape Horn windjammer fleet of the world to a mere handful of vessels. Old, forgotten but not neglected, three of them saw the war out in the tiny Baltic port of Mariehamn, once the last home of the last fleet of great Cape Horn sailers. One was taken in prize by the Government of South Africa and another by the Government of New Zealand. These five—the four-masted barques *Passat*, *Viking*, *Pommern* (at Mariehamn), *Lawhill* (South Africa) and *Pamir* (New Zealand), with the *Archibald Russell*, laid up in England, are just about all the grain-racers that still survive.

It is reported to be the owner's intention to put the trio from Mariehamn back into the grain trade with Australia. It is likewise reported to be his hope to get back the *Lawhill*, *Archibald Russell* and *Pamir* from the British flag, and put them also into the grain trade.

Even if he can do both these things it is scarcely likely that the six ships will make much of a race again. It rather looks as if the Grain Race as such is done.

In the years between the wars, the Australian grain trade was the last steady trade left to the few surviving square-rigged ships, and their race homewards with new season's grain was the last "kick" o



THE BIG FOUR-MASTER "PARMA" BOWLS ALONG AT A GREAT PACE: A view of the celebrated vessel cutting a furrow through the seas off Spencer Gulf, Australia. She was the fastest of the grain ships in the years between the wars, and on one historic voyage made the journey to England in eighty-three days

romantic sail. They used to run out from Europe in ballast, for there was nothing to ake. Out around Good Hope they went, sailing the whole long way direct—calling owhere, without wireless, without power of any kind except a steam winch, erhaps, to help work cargo in port. The average run outwards from Baltic to Australia was less than ninety days. Then they wandered into lonely Australian utports where steamers could not afford the time to load, and took in their grain argoes as the grain ripened and was brought to them, out in the roads. Most of them were big ships, loading up to 5,500 tons.

The ships did not sail together. Of the twenty-odd in the trade, some were scarcely fit to race at all. Some few of these used to come back to England round the Cape of Good Hope, a kindlier way than to run eastwards for Cape Horn. They made their way westwards across the Indian Ocean in the quiet trade winds, leaving the storms of the Roaring Forties to more powerful ships, more resourceful nd determined masters. Why should they race? Why accept hardship? here was no prize. They raced because it is man's nature, believing in his job nd the instruments he wields to do that job, to set himself forthwith in competition ith all others in the same job, wielding similar tools. They raced because a vindjammer's crew, well run, is a well-knit, capable and ship-proud unit that ill give best to no man. They raced because it added zest and interest to the voyage.

The fastest passage in the race between e wars was the big four-master *Parma's* ighty-three-day run from Port Broughton to almouth in 1933. The slowest was the barque *avell's* 220 days, on much the same passage. *Parma* stormed towards Cape Horn, with the edoubtable Ruben de Cloux in command, and aced past the Horn less than a month out from ustralia. De Cloux was principal owner of is ship; he could do what he liked. For blown-out sails he paid himself, or cut and ewed others to replace them. *Parma*, typical f the later-day Cape Horner, was a massive great ship, steel from her keel to the tops of her masts. Her rigging was chain and wire, and her sails were stoutest hemp canvas.

The war in 1939 put an end to the Grain Race. Within a few days of its outbreak, the ig four-masted barque *Olivebank* was mined n the North Sea. Others met a like fate.

Now the war is over, but the Grain Race is ot "on" again. At any rate, not yet. The ght of a great Cape Horner romping into almouth under all sail will now be rare indeed, ough the youth of the world is as keen as er to sail in them, and enough of the old asters still survive to put up a good show. If they get the chance to try. . . .

In left—**ALL HANDS LIE OUT ALONG HE MAINYARD OF THE FOUR-MASTER PARMA": Members of the crew furling he mainsail when about to run into ougher weather in the region of Cape lorn. The mainsail is one of the great riving sails, but it must come in early hen gales threaten, or the ship may e dismasted. One mainsail costs about 400, and the loss of a few sails may nake the difference between profit and loss on a whole year's voyaging**

MIDWAY BETWEEN AUSTRALIA AND THE SOUTHERN TIP OF THE AMERICAS: These are the loneliest seas in the whole world, and among the most dangerous. Ice from the nearby Antarctic Continent and huge seas lashed up by ugly storms have caused many good ships to go missing on this road. Just before the war the four-masted barque "Admiral Karpfanger" went missing with all hands somewhere near Cape Horn. Members of the crew, mostly boys of seventeen and eighteen, are seen making their way along the sea-swept deck and hanging on to the lifelines which may be their salvation when the next great wave thunders down on the deck. Nets are put up between the rigging to prevent the crew being swept overboard if they do lose hold

MAKING GOOD SPEED IN A FAIR WIND: Looking towards the poop of a racing grain-ship standing down towards the Fifties to run for Cape Horn. Here the two boys at the wheel are in the steel wheel-house which later will protect them from the great greybeards of the southern oceans. When the ship is in these southern latitudes two men are essential at the wheel in order to hold the ship on her course, and the members of the crew get little sleep

LIFE IN BOHEMIA

In London, Paris, New York and Manchester Artists are in the News

FORTY WINKS AMONGST HIS MODELS: Geoffrey Davien, ex-photographic instructor in the R.A.F., with some of his cartoons in clay, which he calls "Sculptoons." On the modelling stand is the outline of a new creation, and in the background are photographic prints on which he bases his work

BRUCE WOODCOCK IN THE MAKING: Geoffrey Davien creating a cartoon in clay of Britain's heavyweight hope. Mrs. Davien, the sculptor's wife, holds up the photograph from which he works. Having established the characteristic feature, the "sculptoonist" plays this up to the full

A LONDONER WITH A BRIGHT IDEA: Geoffrey Davien, whose home is in Hendon, is introducing the "Sculptoon" to London, the caricature in clay, and, with Christmas approaching, there seems to be any amount of demand for these clever models. Davien first builds up a wire scaffolding and, having plastered the clay liberally round the wires, he begins to fashion the figure, using a photograph to aid him with regard to the likeness. When each figure is finished and has been allowed adequate time to harden, the models are painted. This painting and decorating is not the least difficult part of the whole proceeding, and great care has to be exercised in getting the right colouring of the hair, which is not always apparent in the photographic models. At the moment Davien is engaged on a figure of Bruce Woodcock, Britain's heavyweight champion, and it is to be hoped that the artist has decided not to give his model "feet of clay." Every celebrity has his or her turn at Davien's studio, but celebrities with long noses, of the Durante type, and massive jaws of the Churchill brand, are the most popular, as they present the "sculptoonist" with the least difficulties

'IT DOESN'T COST MUCH" AND "IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG"! You can have your portrait sketched while you wait in Greenwich Village, New York's spiritual counterpart of London's Chelsea and the "Left Bank" in Paris

HOW GREENWICH VILLAGE FACED THE SLUMP: In 1929, when American stock markets slumped as never before and art suffered from the withdrawal of the patronage of the wealthy, some of the artists pooled their resources to stage exhibitions. Then they hit upon a better plan. They would use the street as their gallery, and so there grew up in Washington Square the Bi-Annual Outdoor Exhibition at which every Greenwich Village artist of note, and some of no importance, showed their wares, lashing them against the railings or leaning them against the walls. The crowds soon collected, and from the outset this alfresco show was a success. This winter the thirtieth bi-annual exhibition is in progress, and it is no longer the happy-go-lucky affair that once it was. The visitor can buy a catalogue at the entrance to the Square, and every artist is allocated a "pitch." Some of them work on the spot, and a portrait while you wait can always be achieved

THE ALFRESCO EXHIBITION: In Greenwich Village the artist can hang his picture on the fence or on the wall, or place it on the pavement, and he can always be sure of a pitch in Washington Square. This bi-annual outdoor exhibition has just been staged for the thirtieth time, and nowadays it is really quite a formal affair with officially-printed catalogues on sale at the entrance to the Square. When it rains, the canvases are hidden with lightning speed

ALMOST ANY HAIR STYLE WILL SUFFICE ON THE LEFT BANK : A visitor to Dupont's, focal-point of artistic and student life in the Latin Quarter of Paris

PARIS ALSO ADOPTS THE ALFRESCO SHOW : An artist displaying his wares in the Latin Quarter. Up and down the Boulevard St. Michel these rent-free, open-air galleries for local artists are a commonplace, and, as in New York's Greenwich Village, they are a never-failing source of interest to passers-by. As for the artist, he finds the open-air gallery gives him a chance to show his work without cost

IN PARIS, TOO, ART GOES OUT OF DOORS : You cross the Seine, pass the bookshops, and it hits you all at once, the noisy nonchalance, the hooting cars, the jangling bicycles, and the men and women all a little more careless of appearance than anywhere else in Paris. When you come to the street corner and see the name, Boulevard St. Michel, you know you are in the heart of the Latin Quarter. Here, just as in New York's Greenwich Village, art has gone out of doors, and the open-air, rent-free art galleries add not a little to the neighbourhood's charm and character. Centre of Latin Quarter life for students and artists is the Café Dupont. It caters almost exclusively for them, runs a students' mail service with a poste restante address, and cuts down the service charge to a modest five francs. Here they are allowed to sit all night over a coffee, arguing, drawing, writing, meeting their friends. It has not changed since du Maurier

A "ONE-MAN SHOW" ON THE LEFT BANK : An elderly French artist offering his wares at one of the many open-air galleries in the Boulevard St. Michel. He finds the demand for his homely country scenes is not what it was

PARISIANS CAN USUALLY FIND TIME TO STOP AND STARE : Business calls have to be made, there is work to be done, but the open-air art exhibition seldom fails to attract the attention of the passer-by. Some of the work is homely and old-fashioned. Some is incomprehensible in its modernity. The pavement critics are quick to state their likes and dislikes, but buyers are few and far between

On left—

MANCHESTER HAS ITS BOHEMIANS: Ann Ellis, Secretary of the newly-formed Manchester Arts Club, painting on cardboard, a fair substitute for canvas in these days when artists' materials are in short supply. Miss Ellis is a nurse at Manchester Royal Infirmary, and, like most of the other members of the Club, art is only her spare-time hobby. To the studio in Lower Mosley Street about twenty members come on two evenings a week. Materials are not dear, just scarce, and output varies greatly. Some amateurs turn out a picture in a few hours, while others will spend months on a single portrait study

EVERYTHING FOR THE BUDDING PICASSO : From a camel-hair brush to an easel. For 50s. members of the Manchester Arts Club can start work, but acquiring their materials is not always easy in these days of shortage

MOVING A FARM BY TRAIN

And Other Home News in Pictures

Probably the biggest removal job of its kind ever undertaken took place recently when the entire contents of a dairy farm were transported "lock, stock and barrel" from Northumberland to Gloucestershire. For the purpose a freight train loaded up with forty-two containers and with one passenger carriage was provided, and the task was to take all Mr. John Roberts's property at Renton House, Berwickshire, one of the biggest dairy farms in the county, and consign it to his new property at Tetbury. The removal was carried out under the railway company's all-in scheme whereby everything from livestock, farm implements and household furniture down to the last piece of china, is well packed by the company's packers and put on the train. The farm implements included tractors, binders, haycarts and all the usual implements. Everything was loaded on to the wagons which stood on a siding at Grante House, near Renton House, which is on the main Edinburgh-London line. The livestock included a herd of over 100 dairy cows, which were to be milked during the journey, and it was reckoned to be a near thing whether or not one of the cows would calf en route. There were also ducks and a number of dogs and cats in this great convoy. Mr. Roberts travelled on the train with several of his employees. Mrs. Roberts and her children travelled by ordinary passenger train.

NORTH COUNTRY FARMER MAKES HIS HOME IN THE WEST: A railway container arriving at Castle Farm, Tetbury, Gloucestershire, during the final stages of Mr. John Roberts's move from Renton House, Berwickshire. He removed his farm "lock, stock and barrel" in forty-two railway container wagons and one passenger carriage

THE MATTRESSES ARRIVE: Household goods being unloaded at the ancient gateway of Castle Farm as one of the forty-two railway containers was brought from the station by lorry in Mr. Roberts's big move

SIR OLIVER LEESE IS DEMOBBED: The former Eighth Army Commander, who followed Lord Montgomery in Italy, seen with his wife on the lawn at Lower Hall, Worfield, where they are now taking up market gardening. Lower Hall is near Bridgnorth, Shropshire

A TACTICAL H.Q. IN SHROPSHIRE: Sir Oliver and Lady Leese in the library of "Tac" Cottage, which forms part of their home at Lower Hall, Worfield. The cottage was part of the old laundry, but it has been skilfully converted. Sir Oliver and his wife have lent the hall itself to Major-General Manners Smith for his honeymoon. Major-General Manners Smith served with him in the 15th Scottish Division and the Guards Armoured Division. Sir Oliver spends his days at work on the estate, and of his market gardening activities he is concentrating chiefly on mushroom-growing—an operation he planned with some thought during the later days of his Army career

IN THE WILD AND WOOLLY WEST: The annual pony round-up in the heart of Exmoor. Members of the Westcott family capturing the wild ponies for subsequent marking and auction at the Somerset pony fairs. For more than a century the Westcott family have been well to the fore in the rearing of the ponies on Exmoor, and skilled in the art of the annual round-up. This year Maurice Westcott and his three sons rode on to the moor to experience the hard knocks and the hard riding that are an integral part of the round-up. Through bog-edge and squelching mud, mists that at times blot out the surrounding hills, and a drizzle that soaks and chills, the chase goes on until the sweating, steaming ponies are shepherded on to the farms. Thence, wild and unbroken, the ponies are sent to be auctioned and eventually, after "long-lining," not a few of them are bought as mounts for young children

SALVAGE WORK ON THE IRISH CATTLE-BOAT "STORMONT": Members of the Liverpool Dock Board's salvage party clambering on to the upturned superstructure of the wrecked vessel in the Mersey, not far from Liverpool Pier-head. The *Stormont*, with 210 head of Irish cattle on board, heeled over and sank after coming into collision in a dawn mist with the 13,500-ton *Empire Brent*. A few cattle were saved, but the majority were drowned or had to be shot, butchers with humane killers going aboard the ship on the day of the disaster. Some of the cattle were seen being carried out to sea by the tide. None of the passengers in the *Empire Brent* suffered injury. They were mostly wives and children of Canadian Servicemen, and it was arranged that after debarkation from the *Empire Brent* they should travel to London and stay in a transit camp until the next Canadian-bound ship became available

ALL-WEATHER WORK ON THE LINES OF COMMUNICATION: G.P.O. engineers using a jointer's tent on telegraph-poles at Marsh Benham, near Newbury. During spells of continuous bad weather these tents prove very useful, enabling the men to get on with their work and, in particular, to use their blow-lamps. The tents are attached to collars near the summit of the telegraph-poles and the working platforms are further supported by diagonal struts

A SALVAGE EFFORT IN CARRICK ROADS: Men operating the diving apparatus during the preliminary arrangements for the salvaging of the 7,000-ton vessel "Stanwood," off the port of Falmouth. The vessel was sunk in 1939, and it is hoped to salvage her intact

THE "STANWOOD" AT LOW WATER: The mast of the 7,000-ton cargo-vessel above Carrick Roads. It is hoped to salvage the vessel by a new and hitherto untried method. In charge of the work is Mr. W. R. Metcalfe, of Mylor Dockyard, the man who recently salvaged the *Helena Modjeska* from the Goodwins. The *Stanwood* caught fire when entering Falmouth in 1939, and, after being towed into the Carrick Roads, her sea-cocks were opened and it was hoped that she would rest on the sandbanks. Unfortunately, she slipped into deeper water, causing the death of the Canadian wireless operator, who had refused to abandon his post. This picture was taken at low water

PIGS AND THE PANNAGE: An old tradition in the New Forest. This family of pigs, seen by the roadside near Lyndhurst, is one of many roaming the forest country at this time of the year. The Forest Verderers appoint a pannage month, and at this time "Commoners" can turn their pigs out into the forest to eat the acorns, which are plentiful. The period used to be restricted, but the Verderers have just announced that as an experiment they are extending it, believing it is better that the acorns should provide fodder rather than be seeded

GIN RUMMY SPREADS LIKE A PRAIRIE FIRE

The New Game Which Throughout England is Now Challenging Bridge

By CHARLES GRAVES

NOW that the nights have drawn in, card-playing once again reaches its annual peak of popularity. This winter, however, the long supremacy of contract bridge is being seriously threatened. The newcomer is gin rummy, and every day its adherents are growing in numbers. Normally a new card game is either a round game invented by some manufacturer, or it is a two-handed game like picquet or bezique. (Both these games are, in fact, much more ancient than bridge.)

Gin rummy, it is true, is frequently played as a two-handed game, but it is now also being played as a four-handed game with partners, and it is this form of it which is sweeping the country. Its great advantage over bridge is that it prevents almost every possibility of post-mortems and family strife between husband and wife. Anybody who has ever played contract knows that the average husband over-calls, and the average wife, therefore, under-bids. This becomes a vicious circle and the arguments at the bridge table overlap into private life. Gin rummy prevents all this, because the husband and wife, though partners, play separate packs of cards simultaneously with their opponents, and neither can seriously interfere with the other's play or decisions. Ordinary rummy is one of the basic card games, but as a result of its being taken up by the moving-picture colony in Hollywood and the introduction of the Hollywood scoring system in 1941, it spread like a prairie fire. It was even played in restaurants in New York, such as the Barbary Room, until the authorities stopped it.

Expert bridge players gave up bridge in favour of it. Then, under its new name of gin rummy, it was brought into this country by the first American troops to land here in 1942. Its newness is shown by its argot, which includes Dunkirk and Blitz. Here, it has not only lured many card players from other games, such as poker, bridge and backgammon, but people who have never liked cards previously have taken to it.

The elements of the game are easy to understand and the play itself is most exciting. Strangely enough, the real experts and the complete novices both agree that the game is a matter of 95 per cent. luck. The reasons for their opinions differ completely. You have to be a real expert to take every advantage of the cards and hold your own against another expert, after which it may be a matter of luck; but the expert will invariably beat the novice over a period of an hour's play. The novice, of course, may hold one or two good hands, which makes him think it is all luck. Medium players, like myself, consider it a very highly-skilled game with as big an element of luck in it as there is in backgammon—but no more.

To play well you have to have a memory for every card in the pack, a good mathematical knowledge of chances, and any amount of psychology in trapping your opponent into a false discard. As the four-handed version of gin rummy is to all intents and purposes merely a duplication of the two-handed game, I will confine myself at the moment to describing the latter. Well, it is between two opponents with one pack of fifty-two cards. The aim of each player is to form melds consisting of sequences of three or more consecutive cards in the same suite (such as the 7, 6, 5 of hearts), and sets of three or four of a kind, e.g.—three or four knaves. The ace, by the way, is always low. The players cut for deal and seats, the one who cuts the higher card having the choice of both. After the first deal the winner of the previous hand always deals. The dealer deals the cards one at a time, starting with his opponent until the latter has eleven cards and he has ten. The rest of the pack, which is known as the stock, is then placed face down on the table. The cards dealt to each player are now picked up and arranged in his hand. The non-dealer discards one of his cards—face upwards. The dealer has the option of taking this card or the top card (which is face downwards) from the stock. Both now continue to pick up or draw and discard or throw one card at a time until the state of the hand of either player is such that the total of the pips on his cards, which are unmatched, is ten or less. (Face cards count ten.)

As soon as this happens either player may KNOCK. Upon doing so he lays out his matched sets showing his unmatched cards. The opponent then lays out his own matched sets, "builds," as far as possible, on to his opponent's matched sets, and counts his unmatched cards. If the knocker's total is less than his opponent's, he wins the hand and scores the difference between the two totals. If the opponent ties or beats the knocker, however, the former wins the hand and scores twenty points, plus any difference between the totals. A player can, of course, knock with no unmatched cards at all. This is known as going "gin" and has two advantages. The first is that the knocker receives a bonus of twenty-five points. The second is that his opponent is not allowed to build on to his (the knocker's) hand at all.

The object of the game is to score 100 points or more in three consecutive columns. The first time the player wins he enters his winning points in his first column only. When he scores the second time he adds the points that he has now won to the score already entered in his first column, and he also enters the points he has now won in his second column. The third time that he wins he adds the points now won to the scores last entered in his first and second columns and also enters the points now won in his third column. Each time that he wins thereafter, the points are added to the scores last entered in the third column. When the score of either player reaches the score of 100 or more in a column, he has won that column, and no further scores are added to it and he receives 100 points for so doing. Each hand won is called a "box." At the end of the play of a column, the player scores twenty points for each box which he has won in excess of those won by his opponents. The winner of a column, therefore, scores the difference between his score and that of his opponent, plus 100 for winning the column, plus twenty for each box won in excess of those of his opponent. Should the opponent have won more boxes than the player winning the column (which is easily possible), the opponent scores twenty for each box which is won in excess of the other player, and this box score is deducted from the score of the winner of the column. Should the player fail to score at all in any of the three columns, he is blitzed and the winning player receives his own score, plus 100 for winning, plus his box score—and then doubles the total. Play continues until all three columns have been won, and this constitutes a game. At the end of it the results of the three columns are added together and the winner is, naturally, the one with the bigger score.

On the average the game lasts about twenty-five minutes, though on exceptional occasions it can be over in seven minutes, or, again, it may last forty minutes. The game of contract can continue indefinitely if one side refuses to allow the other "to go out." This is not possible in gin rummy. In the same way, a rubber of bridge can be completed in two hands, but a game of gin rummy must take at least three.

Stakes at gin rummy are based on the principle of so much a point. Suppose you play 1s. a hundred at bridge, the average rubber being 700 points, you will win or lose 7s. on that rubber. The average game of gin rummy, played as a single, produces a difference of about 600 points, so that ½d. would be the equivalent of 1s. a hundred at bridge.

In the four-handed game, which is much better than the two-handed game, partners sit opposite to each other, two of them dealing the first hand to the two opponents on their right. The net result of the partnership counts as one hand and is entered on the score as in a single. After each hand the winning partners deal, changing opponents on each new hand. Except for the fact that each column is scored up to 150, the game continues as in a single. Usually, it is only a matter of half a minute between the times of the two partnerships knocking. But the result of the first is immediately announced to the other pair still playing, so that they can adjust their play accordingly. Thus, if I have scored forty points over my opponent, I would advise my partner to knock as quickly as possible, even at the risk of being undercut. (Undercutting, or niggering, is when the knocker's total is the same or more than the opponent's.)

Numbers of books of rules on gin rummy have been published in the United States during the past four years, and most of them disagree. The first authoritative book on the subject in this country is being published next week (December 9), written by George Monkland. This publication is timely, because, though the author has arbitrarily laid down his version of the rules, with which some players may not agree, at least it will make it possible for gin rummy fans to ask one another before they play a game whether they play Monkland rules or not.

The only danger to the popularity of gin rummy has been that as many variations are being introduced as there are dealers' choices in poker. With the publication of this new book the game is likely to become standardised and enjoy the same kind of popularity as contract bridge acquired when it superseded auction.

The latest development of gin rummy is to play team games. Any number of players on one side play against the same number of players on the other side. Each plays a complete game against his opponent sitting opposite him. The net result of all hands between partners and opponents counts as one hand, and is entered on the score sheet as in a single. The game is played up to 250.

In the team game each side has a captain, who advises the players on the state of the score of the game as to the desirability of his going down, trying to undercut his opponent, or going for gin. He may even advise him in the actual play of his hand.

I expect any day now that some enterprising newspaper will offer a challenge cup for the team of the best four gin rummy players in the country. . . .

GIN RUMMY IS LURING THEM AWAY FROM THE BRIDGE TABLE—BUT NOT THESE CONTRACT EXPERTS, WHO ARE SEEN ENGAGED IN A RECENT INTERNATIONAL MATCH AT CROCKFORD'S: This London club is the home of card-playing, and bridge, of course, remains the aristocrat of card games. The match depicted here was between teams representing London and Prague, and the Czechs were paying their first visit to London since 1937. Left to right at table: P. Kohn (Prague), L. Baron (London), F. Joles (Prague), and W. Goldinger (London)

AUSTRALIA'S TEST MEN

The Players Who Met the M.C.C. in the First Test at Brisbane

Hampered by bad weather in the trial matches and the recent Sheffield Shield games, the Australians had difficulty in picking their men for the first Test, but these twelve, formidable in batting and only partly-tried in bowling, were summoned to Brisbane for the opening trial of strength against the M.C.C.: **(1) Don Bradman** requires no introduction, with his ninety-five centuries in first-class cricket and his astonishing Test record. He is a stockbroker by profession, and his home is in Adelaide. As captain, his tactical skill matches Hammond's. His batting at Brisbane was very much in the old manner. **(2) Lindsay Hassett,** a commercial traveller from Victoria, is a resourceful bat and, like Bradman, a brilliant field. **(3) Ken Meuleman,** the 12th man, is aged twenty-three. He is Victoria's right-hand opening bat. **(4) Keith Miller,** aged twenty-seven, is another Victorian, and is the merriest batsman in the team. He was in England with the Services team in 1945. **(5) Arthur Morris,** clerk, of New South Wales, has been hailed as the greatest left-hand opening batsman since Bardsley. Australia believes that he will be Bradman's successor as a prolific run-getter. **(6) Sidney Barnes** is the captain of New South Wales. He began last season with five first-class centuries in a row. He toured England in 1938, but a broken wrist kept him out of all the Tests but one. **(7) Don Tallon.** This brilliant wicket-keeper from Queensland particularly excels behind the stumps when his team-mate McCool has the ball. **(8) Colin McCool.** This leg-spin bowler from Queensland surprised the M.C.C. in their Melbourne match, and, by taking 7 for 106, ensured his place in the Test team. He is a sound bat. **(9) Ray Lindwall,** Australia's fastest bowler and a hard-hitting bat. **(10) George Tribe,** a left-arm googly bowler from Victoria, who is sometimes extremely hostile and at others very costly. **(11) Ian Johnson,** an all-rounder from Victoria. His off-spin bowling could prove a Test-match winner. **(12) Ernest Toshack,** a barman of New South Wales. Coached by O'Reilly, his accurate off-spin bowling keeps the runs down.

New Lamps and Old.

THE AUTHOR'S DILEMMA

How Shall He Purchase Intellectual Freedom?

BY JOHN GORE

"PAST AND PRESENT."—I reckon that every day of my life I sully with ink a vast deal of nice clean foolscap. But when I tot up the quires of paper which Mr. Harold Nicolson must fill with his writings and jottings, to supply the necessary copy for his book reviews, his marginal comments, his broadcasts and his published books, I take off my hat to his industry and assume that, though he declares himself one of Nature's Bohemians who regrets none of the luxuries of the Edwardian era, he yet needs to work even harder than I do to buy the privilege of cultivating his garden and of escaping from "washing up his dirty plates."

"I should simply hate" (he wrote in a recent article) "to own a grouse moor, or an umbrella with a gold pencil in the handle, or a motor-car in London, or five different sorts of hat."

I agree with him about the patent umbrella and the hats. I have indeed come out pretty strong about the hats. But quite in vain. While Labour rules triumphantly, the rush back to top-hats and white hats, and tails and white waistcoats became a stampede within a few months of victory. All sorts and conditions are as determined as ever they were to complicate their lives with unnecessary sartorial luxuries and redundant possessions. The most sybaritic would probably endorse his view of the miseries attendant on private motoring in London. A taxi is one of the few reasonably cheap amenities which remain to us, and I dare say a bus or the Tube runs clean and swift, if one can board or penetrate them.

About the grouse moor, I suspend judgment until the grouse returns to North Britain. I confess to a shameful nostalgia for the "great days" of sport. I should like, of all things, once more to taste the incomparable thrill of waiting in my butt, set high on a heather-hill overlooking a blue Firth, for the "trouble to begin" on a well-stocked, well-keepered moor, and even to feel that base and smug satisfaction which comes after a pick-up of thirty birds cleanly killed by one's gun at the first drive of the day.

That that day will never dawn again for me, I know well. Before that fleeting moment of triumph could come, there would be so much to be done which unlimited money could not achieve, under modern conditions, in my lifetime. The stocking of the lodge, the transport, the food, the keepers, the beaters, the ponies and the dogs, the servants and the what-not.

It needs no fantastic dreams of vanished luxury to bring home to us the "vanity of riches" to-day. An industrious journalist may reasonably earn £3,000 a year by his pen. But what is left to him of that income will not necessarily, or even probably, buy him his freedom from dish-washing. You may have £10,000 a year, and no dependants, but your wealth will not necessarily attract to your house (if, for example, it stands off a bus-route or remote from a cinema) even one half-witted rustic girl to relieve you of that soul-destroying duty.

Midas found the gold-touch more than embarrassing; he found it futile and even dangerous when it affected the very food he must eat.

Lost Sweets and New Blessings.—Mr. Nicolson, "eupeptic by nature" and more Socialist than Conservative, pities rather than despises the dyspeptics who hanker still after our lost sweets and amenities.

He admits that the wars and revolutions of our age have cost us more than a trifle in spiritual and moral losses. But when he paints a cheerful picture of what we have *gained* by the last twenty years of progress, I begin to wonder whether perhaps, in his elusive way, he had stuck his tongue in his cheek, and whether his red complexion was but skin deep.

For (apart from the elimination of that filthy and unnecessary gold-pencil umbrella) all that he could adduce to reconcile us to our present state of blessedness was half-hearted, patchy and dubious pleading.

Item, the Paris Metro is even murkier than our Tube. Our museums are better arranged than they were in Queen Victoria's reign, but are still vastly inferior to the French.

And, finally, he crowns the achievements of our Great Revolution with the coming-in of anæsthetics. I confess I had thought that these blessings dated back beyond twenty years, and, indeed, were now enjoying their centenary. Æsthetics and anæsthetics are both good things for the people, whatever generation or age or Government may claim to have made the best use of them. But surely Mr. Nicolson damns our revolution with faint praise or assents to its virtues with civil leer. I loathe, as much as he does, the memories of the saturnalia of Edwardianism and the long reign of the stockbrokers; but even in that vulgar age we enjoyed *some* æsthetics and anæsthetics, still knew something of the graces of leisure, still enjoyed some of the dignity of liberty and of free will. Victorians and Edwardians could teach the present generation a lot about the right use of leisure.

I would perhaps have chosen as a type of the redundant and objectionable Edwardian luxury, in preference to the gadget umbrella, the meticulous and long-drawn-out seven-course dinners and four-course luncheons of ceremony.

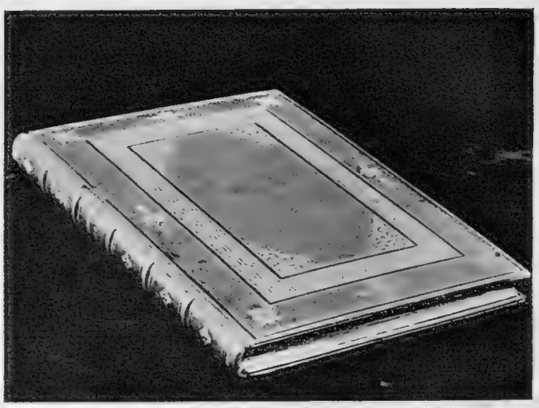
None could ever wish to have those tests of endurance back; none, at least, who has learned the sorrows of washing up dirty dishes. Yet it is but human to remember those Ritz dance-suppers of quails and pêches-Melba offered to, and scorned by, the Edwardian *jeunesse dorée* night after night from April to August, and to visualise how differently we should approach them to-day.

In short, if we have any sense of gratitude left in us, we should not sweepingly condemn the past, out of hand and without reservation. In our condemnation of the bad, we should spare a word of praise for what was good—or not so bad.

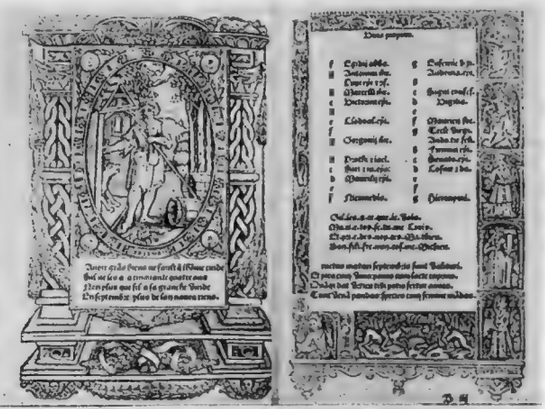
A Vicious Circle.—For here, in our modern world, is a vicious circle made manifest in Mr. Nicolson's own arguments. Mr. Nicolson is a journalist. He is also a man of letters. As such he would be first to admit that journalism is ephemeral stuff, and that the man of letters is concerned first with a more important trust—the making of books of permanent value. Modern conditions (he admits again) compel him to buy (if he be so lucky) with his pen his spells of freedom from domestic chores (washing up, and so on), which so terribly mortgage the time and energies of intellectuals and men skilled in the higher professions. And so it is that Mr. Nicolson (and men in the same boat) buys his intellectual leisure with ephemeral journalism, the only method by which, with his domestic preoccupations, he can quickly and surely buy it; and in so buying it, uses up many vital hours which should be employed in the composition of permanent literature. The fact that he writes his copy very quickly and finds time for valuable book-writing is a tribute to his ability, but does not weaken my argument. That is the dilemma and the vicious circle of which I, too, in a small way, am profoundly conscious. No doubt, to a majority to-day, the making of books (unless of one single political complexion) is a bourgeois redundancy (a "gold-pencil umbrella").

Yet I think that in any intelligible type of democracy it might be regarded as something more useful on the long view, and that a wise Government should take more active steps to relieve of domestic drudgery not only the "professor in the scullery," but the man of letters and all other followers of the more intellectual professions also. And if English women are too proud or bored to assist them "in the pantry," the doors should be opened wider to starving, foreign volunteers (who must be fed on English bread in any case), who are only too willing to cope with and to adorn our kitchens and sculleries. In short, our great revolution could do rather more than it has yet done to foster æsthetics. Some improvement in museum display is not quite good enough.

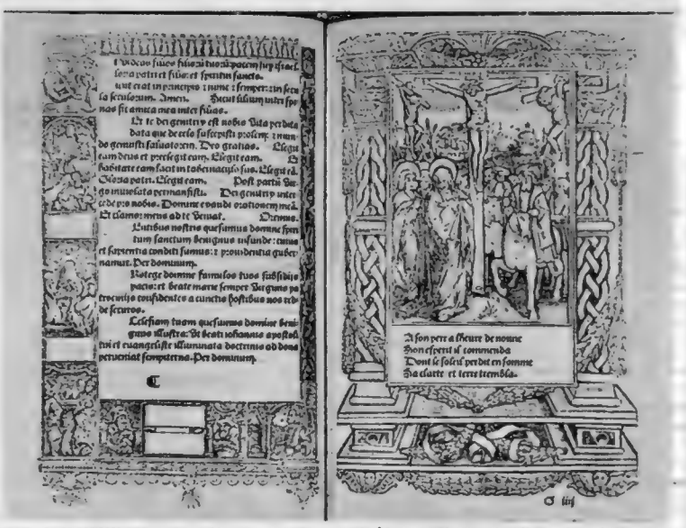
Social justice, if it means anything at all (which I doubt), means justice to all classes without bias from past injustices on any one class; and it means much more than that. Social justice must afford to each class, with sympathetic comprehension, those conditions and opportunities by which alone it can give to the community its maximum service.



THE BRITISH MUSEUM'S RICH ACQUISITION: Theilman Kerver's elegantly-bound "Book of Hours," printed in Paris in 1525, which has been presented to the Museum by Mr. C. W. Dyson Perrins to take the place of the example destroyed by enemy action



A SUPERB EXAMPLE OF EARLY-SIXTEENTH-CENTURY PRINTING ON HAND-MADE PAPER: A double-page from the British Museum's "Book of Hours," which Mr. Dyson Perrins withdrew from a Sotheby's sale in order to present to the nation. The saintly figures on the right-hand border are exquisitely drawn



THE CRUCIFIXION: Another page from Theilman Kerver's "Book of Hours" now in the possession of the British Museum, and (on left) the intricately designed frontispiece. Like most printed "Books of Hours," which immediately followed the illuminated books, it came from Paris. This example is printed on fine paper, as opposed to vellum. In addition to the large cuts, giving the story of the Virgin, a number of smaller scenes and figures of saints occur in the woodcut borders. These are well cut and are repeated at intervals throughout the quarto volume. Its withdrawal from the Sotheby's sale by Mr. C. W. Dyson Perrins caused considerable surprise, and it is a really important acquisition for the British Museum, which lost its own valuable copy on account of enemy bombing

ENGLISH PLAYERS in PARIS

And Other News of Stage, Film and Ballet

LAURENCE OLIVIER LIGHTS A CIGARETTE FOR MADAME LUDMILLA PITOEFF: His left hand was damaged in an assault. Before leaving for Paris, Laurence Olivier was stated to have been assaulted by Herbert Wanbon, described as a teacher. For Olivier it was said that the attacks were made "without any excuse whatever," and Wanbon was remanded in custody pending a doctor's report

OFF TO PARIS, TO PLAY IN "KING LEAR": Pamela Brown and Nicholas Hannen with his wife, Athene Seyler (left), who saw them off at Victoria. The Old Vic Company gave a special performance at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées

TWO YOUNG BALLET DANCERS AT THEIR FINAL REHEARSAL: Sixteen-year-old Anne Heaton and seventeen-year-old Donald Britton in "Mardi Gras," at Sadler's Wells. Andrée Howard's macabre new ballet gives Anne Heaton the chance to show what she has learned in four years at Sadler's Wells

THE STAR AND THE DIRECTOR OF "BRIEF ENCOUNTER": Celia Johnson and David Lean go to Paris for a Grand Prix. Noel Coward's film was judged best at the Cannes Film Festival

A PRE-WAR POLITICAL DRAMA PLAYED AT A PUBLIC SCHOOL: Boys of Beaumont College in the school's production of Clare Boothe's "Margin for Error." The political satire was played by (left to right) Philippe de Schoutheete as Frieda; Darragh Waterkeyn as Thomas S. Denny; John Ellis as Captain Mulrooney; Neville McAyslan-Crine as Dr. Jennings, and John Rait as Otto B. Horst

A DEVON BEAUTY GETS A FILM CONTRACT: Patsy Scantelberry becomes Patsy Drake for her new career. She was discovered when a film was made depicting the life of the people of Plymouth during the war

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

THE END OF AMERICA'S BOOK BOOM

Although Sales Have Slumped, there are Some Notable Best-Sellers on the Other Side of the Atlantic

WHEN I was in the United States just about a year ago most things were booming, particularly books. The bookshops were as crowded as the department stores and books were selling briskly in the drug stores, the news-stands and even in chain grocery stores. A serious novel by Mr. Somerset Maugham, *The Razor's Edge*, had achieved the spectacular sale of 1,750,000 copies, thereby outdistancing that much-boosted opus, *Forever Amber*. Publishers were competing with the big national advertisers, such as the cigarette firms and perfume manufacturers, for full-page advertisements in the daily newspapers.

Paper was free of restrictions, the volume of production was prodigious, and the domestic market booming, so that it was natural that American publishers should be casting around for more and more expansion and making a determined bid for overseas and export markets. Newly-formed then, and with that object in view, was the United States International Book Association, in modern usage referred to as USIBA.

For many years English publishers, owing to the exiguous nature of their paper supplies and production facilities generally, had been unable to supply their own markets within the British Empire with books currently in demand. With the liberation of Europe the demand from the Continent for books in English was considerable. USIBA saw no reason why, since English publishers were unable to supply, they should not develop markets in those countries and establish for themselves an export trade which hitherto they had never bothered very much about. They opened up exhibitions and centres all over the Continent and sent powerful delegations to the British Dominions, and particularly to the Antipodes. Books were booming not only in the United States, but in every country all over the world. They were on to a good thing.

I am just back from America again to report a very different set of circumstances. In the brief space of a year most of the controls governing industry have been taken off and, in spite of the dislocation caused by labour troubles, consumer goods which have been in short supply during the war have flooded back into the market. When this began to happen the boom in books stopped suddenly. In recent months something more has happened, and the situation has degenerated into something which might be described as a slump in the book trade.

No longer are books prominently featured in the chain grocery stores; they have been relegated to a bargain counter status in the drug stores, while bookshops in general are those peaceful havens for browsing which they are apt to be in normal times in any country.

It may be inaccurate to describe the present state of the book trade in the United States as a period of slump. Rather has it suddenly approximated to something which could be described as more normal: that is to say something like the conditions obtaining in 1939. Probably more books are being sold in the United States at this moment than there were in a similar period in 1939, but the unmistakable fact is that the boom has collapsed and some of the book operators are finding themselves with heavy stocks on their hands.

Added to this, most book publishers in the past month or two have been suffering from labour troubles which have interfered with normal distribution. Current books have been piling up at the printers and binders and in their own warehouses as a result of a succession of transport strikes all over the country. This situation has probably further been exacerbated by the present stoppage in the coal mines and the consequent restriction of transport facilities.

THE NEW MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: An architect's impression of New York's great convention hall as it may appear when rebuilt to modern standards. It will occupy the whole area between Columbus Circle and Columbus Avenue, 58th to 60th Streets. Visitors to the "Garden" will be able to reach it direct from the underground railway

The result has been that, on the whole, American publishers have recently tended to be absorbed with their domestic problems to the exclusion of their interests in export markets. Many leading firms have already resigned from USIBA, and the future of that organisation is that much weakened in consequence, and the continuance of its operations on an effective scale is a matter for conjecture.

The best-seller, of course, continues to rule the roost. The announcements, however, no longer speak in millions, but in the more normal tens of thousands in which these calculations used to be made. Leading the fiction list at the moment is *The Hucksters*, by Frederic Wakeman, an excellent example of the hard-boiled school of fiction in which hardly anything is left out and no holds are barred. It is about commercialised radio programmes. A close runner-up is *This Side Of Innocence*, by Taylor Caldwell. Miss Caldwell is well known in this country, and her admirers will in no way be disappointed with her newest work.

A minor storm has blown up over Edmund Wilson's *Memoirs of Hecate County*. Mr. Edmund Wilson is the very able and erudite book critic of the *New Yorker*, but some of the societies who concern themselves with the country's morals have taken exception to passages in the book and the case is now *sub judice*.

Heading the best-selling lists in non-fiction is a remarkable work called *Peace of Mind*, by Joshua Loth Liebman, a Jewish Rabbi who has produced a working philosophy which has captured the imagination of a very large number of Americans of all races and creeds. Immediately following that in popularity (strangely enough) is *The Egg And I*, by Betty McDonald, which is a light-hearted and highly diverting account of her adventures in poultry farming. Close on the heels of these two books comes *As He Saw It*, by Elliott Roosevelt. The "he" in this particular case is the author's famous father, President Roosevelt, and I would hazard the guess that the book's popularity in America is based on the fact that it is severely critical of British public men and others on this side engaged in the conduct of the war. This book and the notorious *Top Secret*, in which Ralph Ingersoll attacks Montgomery and Eisenhower, and refers to the Battle of Caen as a "British defeat," are widely popular. Significantly, Captain Harry Butcher's *Three Years With Eisenhower* has sold fewer copies in the U.S.A. than in this country.

Also high up in the best-selling lists is *The Fall of Valor*, by Charles Jackson who wrote that remarkable study of dipsomania, *The Lost Week-end*. Just published, but heading for the top of the list is John P. Marquand's new novel *B.F.'s Daughter*, a long book of family life written with that thoroughness of detail and of atmosphere characteristic of that author's best writings.

An amusing book, being much enjoyed by the sophisticated, is *Mr. Adam*, by Pat Frank. This is probably the first of what may well turn out to be an atom bomb school of fiction. The story presupposes that the effect of an atom bomb detonation has been to sterilise the whole of mankind with the exception of one man who, for coincidental reasons was working deep in the earth and so escaped the radial activity which affected the rest of mankind. He naturally becomes Mr. Adam. It all sounds like an undergraduate's dream to me, but a lot of people seem to be enjoying it.

Altogether, the book publishing and periodical trades appear now to be in a position which was not unexpected, although few could have foretold that it would happen so quickly and so violently. Like everything American, these violences have a habit of readjusting themselves equally violently, and it would be absurd to forecast that the present state of affairs is likely to continue.

A LIFE OF GEORGE SAND
And Other Books of the Moment

As the most prolific authoress in the history of literature, George Sand would undoubtedly be remembered, and she would be remembered no less for the adventurousness of her life; but her character went deeper than that, as Sainte-Beuve knew, and her active participation in the progressive movements of her day, the enkindling effect of her work upon others, and her abiding faith in humanity, which she proclaimed from the housetops, will ensure that her fame persists. In THE LIFE OF THE HEART (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.) Frances Winwar has presented this humanistic aspect of George Sand in high-relief. This is sound biography, and the author helps to place in perspective George Sand's associations with Chopin, De Musset, and Liszt, restoring perhaps in a measure the largely sensual, wholly unbalanced picture of her given in a film of recent Hollywood vintage.

The strength of George Sand lay in her constant striving for spiritual truth, rambling and discursive though her many novels may have been, and in the fact that she wrote for the people. Frances Winwar shows her in a fair light at the height of her emotional life, and, best of all, in the serenity of her old age at beloved Nohant.

If Villeneuve could have kept the ships of Nelson and Collingwood out of the English Channel for twenty-four hours, Napoleon might well have achieved his invasion of England. If Kesselring and Sperrle had held the mastery of the skies in southern England in August 1940, Hitler, too, might have attained his aim.

As all the world knows, our salvation in neither instance was due only to superlative good luck, but to the unmatched quality of our fighting men and the superiority of our equipment. In his new book, THE GERMAN AIR FORCE (Duckworth. 21s.), Wing-Commander Asher Lee, in telling the story of the Luftwaffe from its secret beginning to the fall of Germany, reveals in great clarity of detail just how this decisive Battle of Britain was won and lost.

The author marshals the known, proven facts with ability, and he shows how, in its final result, the battle over Kentish fields not only saved Britain but compelled Hitler to turn southwards and eastwards to the Mediterranean, the Balkans, and Russia, to fight a three-front air war, just as Villeneuve's naval failure sent Napoleon's veterans from the invasion camp at Boulogne to seek their fortune on the field of Austerlitz.

The mining valleys of South Wales, the grim Rhondda most of all, are more or less well known to the world in all their sombre aspect of slate roofs and slag heaps, of rural splendour allied to urban squalor. Richard Llewellyn, Emlyn Williams, and several other writers have portrayed the Welsh scene with skill and understanding.

However, a writer of possibly less talent but even greater understanding, and perhaps an even more faithful interpreter of the Welsh, is Jack Jones, whose first autobiography, *Unfinished Journey*, and whose play, *Rhondda Roundabout*, both made a deep, if rugged, impression. Jack Jones has now written ME AND MINE (Hamish Hamilton. 15s.), in which he continues the story of his life and that of his family from 1936 to 1945.

In *Me and Mine* Jack Jones has caught the true spirit of the "valleys," and even his prose style has the familiar lilt of the Welsh accent. The men that go down into the mines he knows intimately, he is essentially one of them, and in several chapters of this homely story he puts forward with sympathy the point of view of the colliery workers, their hardships and the meagreness of their reward.

The last and, some aver, the most mature of Jane Austen's novels was *Persuasion*, and it is perhaps the most serene and the most romantic of all the stories told by this miniaturist of character, who wrote "without hate, bitterness, or fear, and, above all, without preaching." PERSUASION (Williams and Norgate. 8s. 6d.) has now been republished, and it will no doubt be welcomed by the large army of booklovers waiting after these years of dearth to read or re-read the classics.

Two new novels are BLIND GEESE (Jarrolds. 9s.), by Winifred Duke, and THE HOLLOW, a Crime Club book, by Agatha Christie (Collins. 8s. 6d.). These two women writers must be among the most prolific novelists of the day, both having over thirty novels to their credit. *Blind Geese* is an historical tale in the romantic manner dealing with the story of the "Forty Five," while in *The Hollow*, Poirot is all but, though, of course, not quite, baffled, by yet another spectacular crime.

Three new books about the theatre are PROFILES AND PERSONALITIES, by Peter Noble (Brownlee Publications. 15s.); THE PUPPET THEATRE, by Jan Russell (Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.); and MOONLIGHT AT THE GLOBE, by Ronald Watkins (Michael Joseph. 9s. 6d.).

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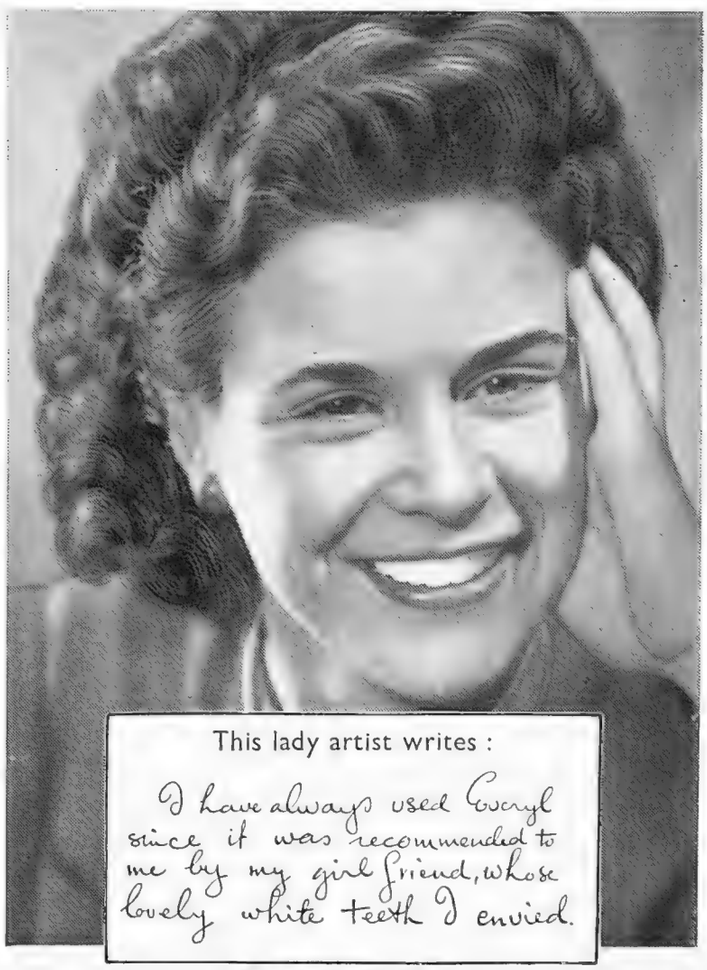

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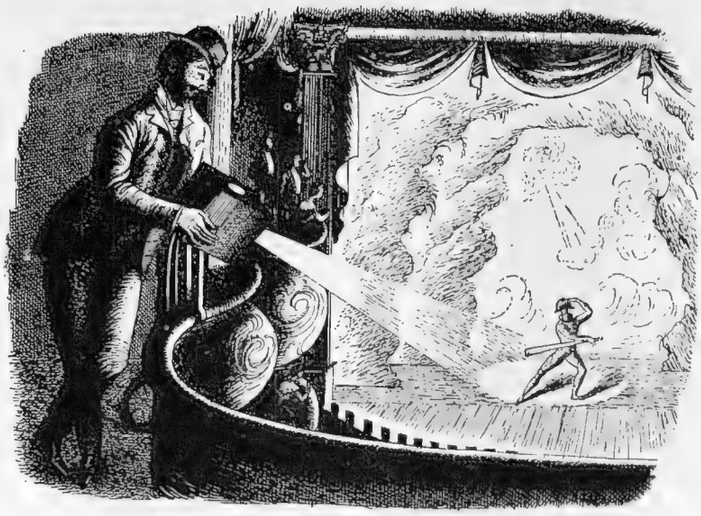

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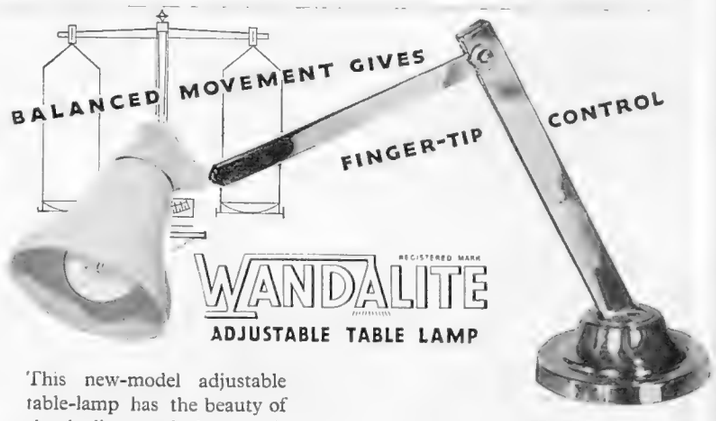

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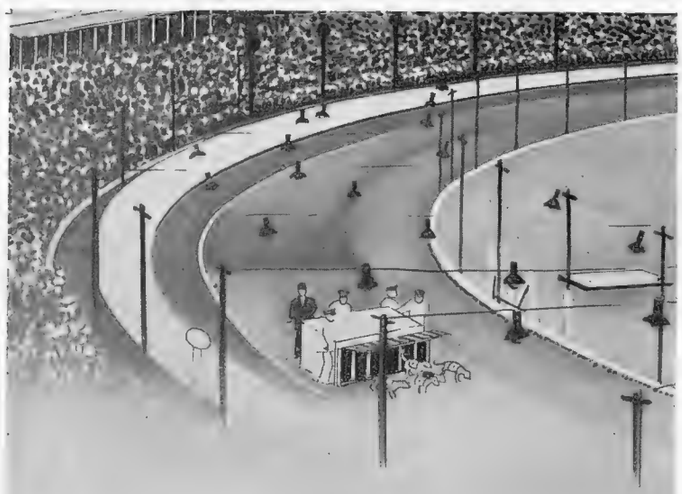

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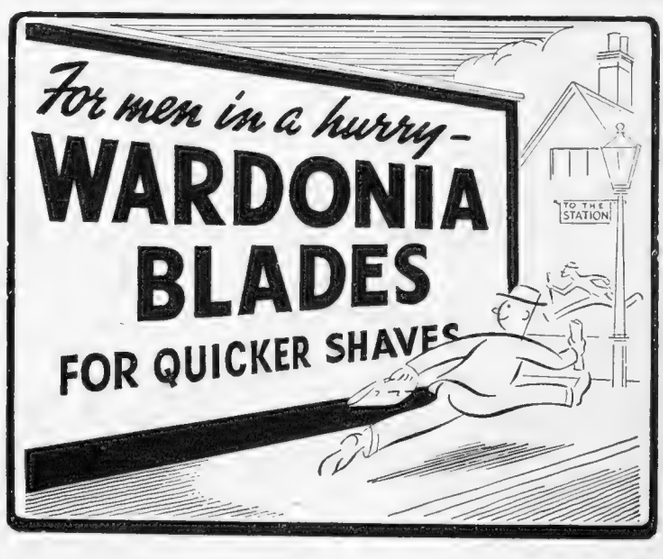

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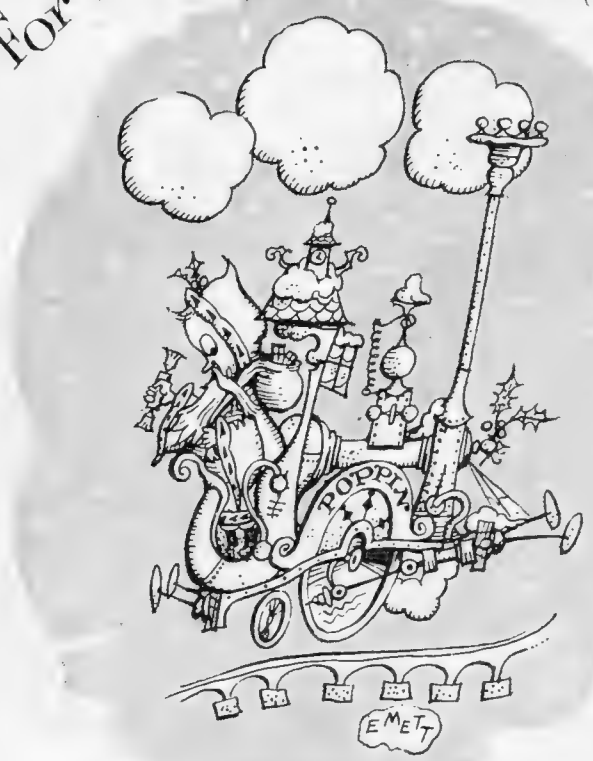

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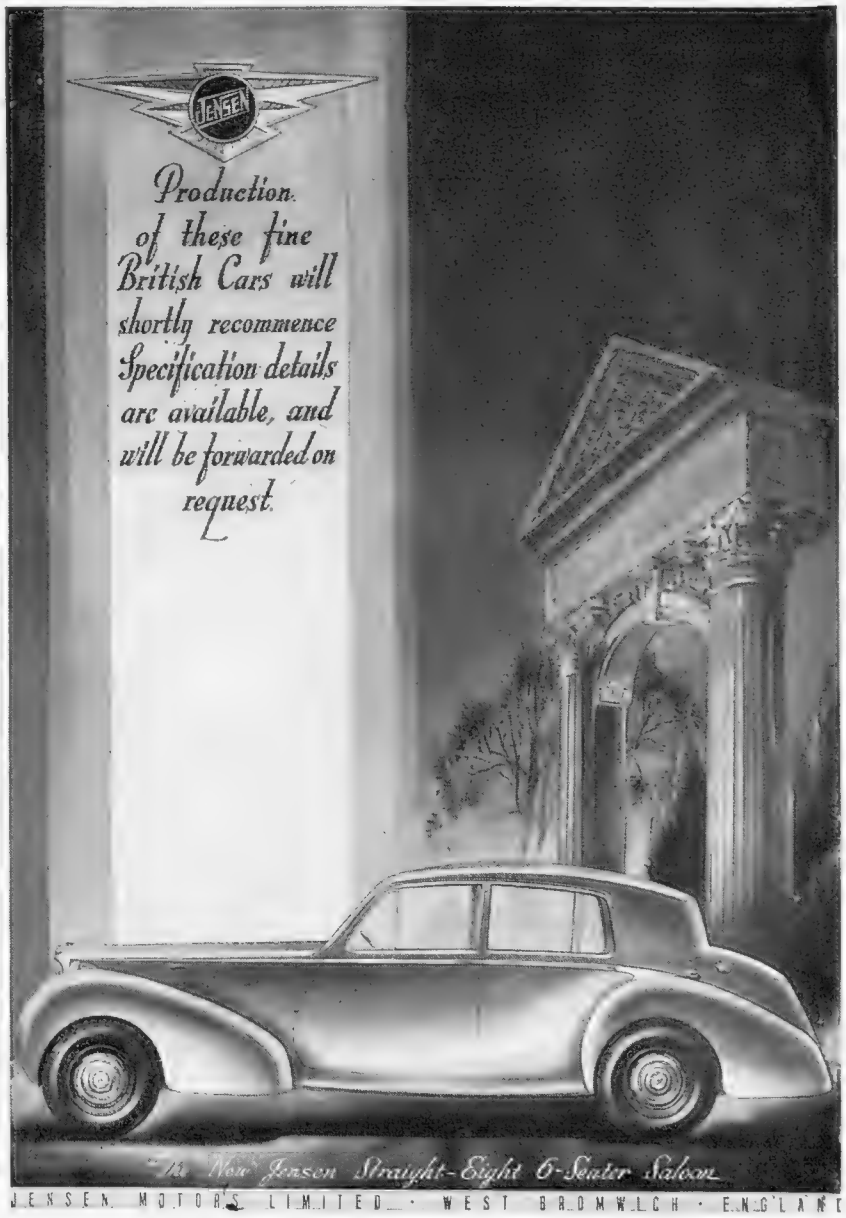

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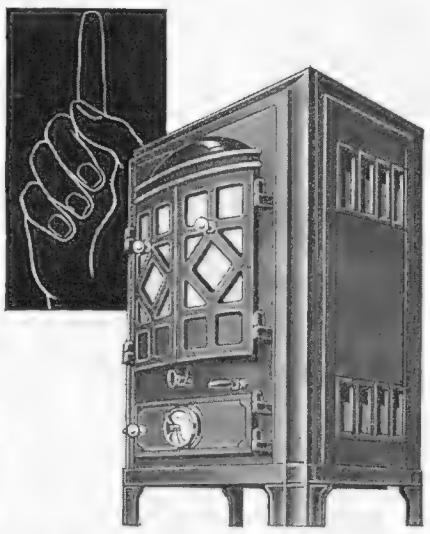

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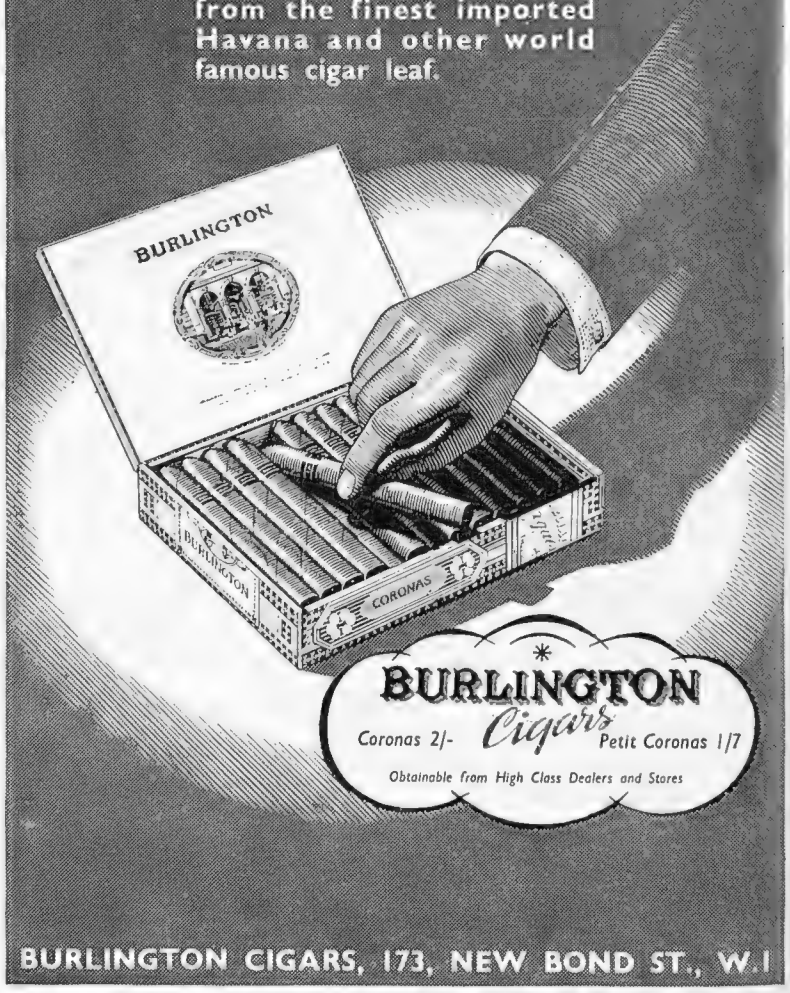

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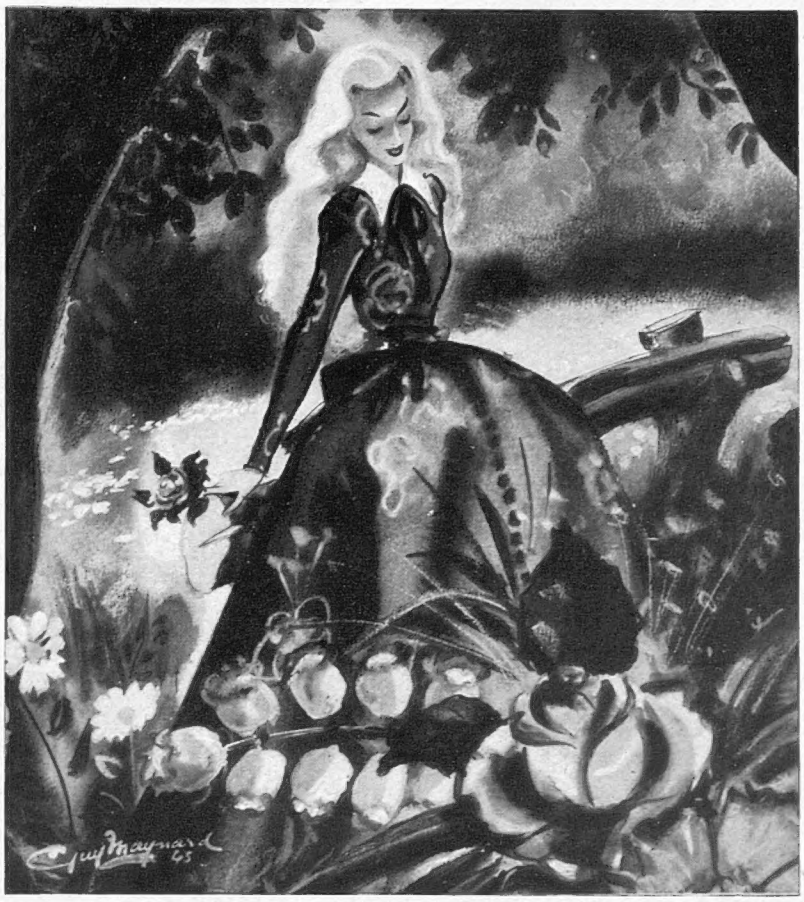

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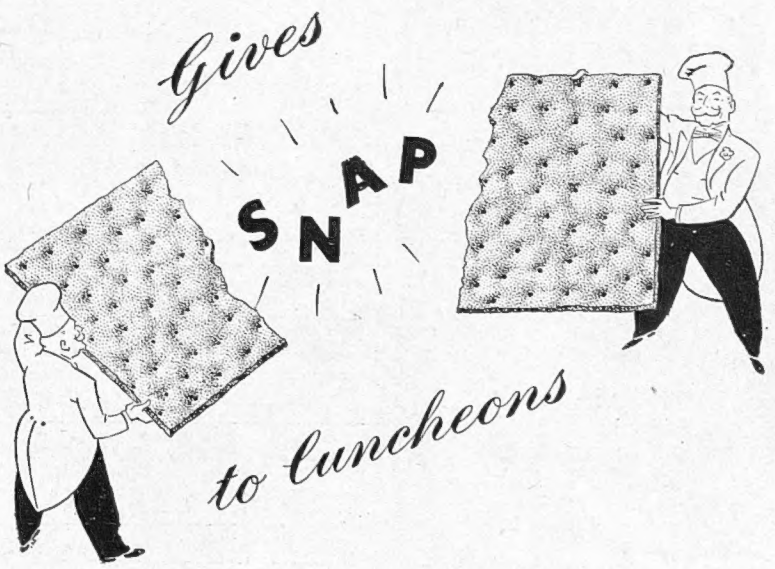

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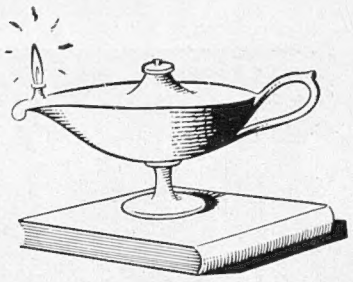

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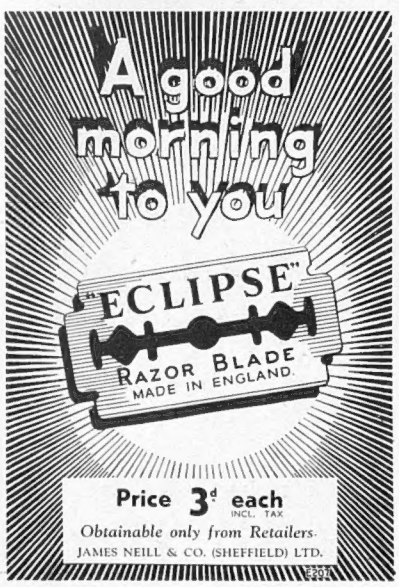

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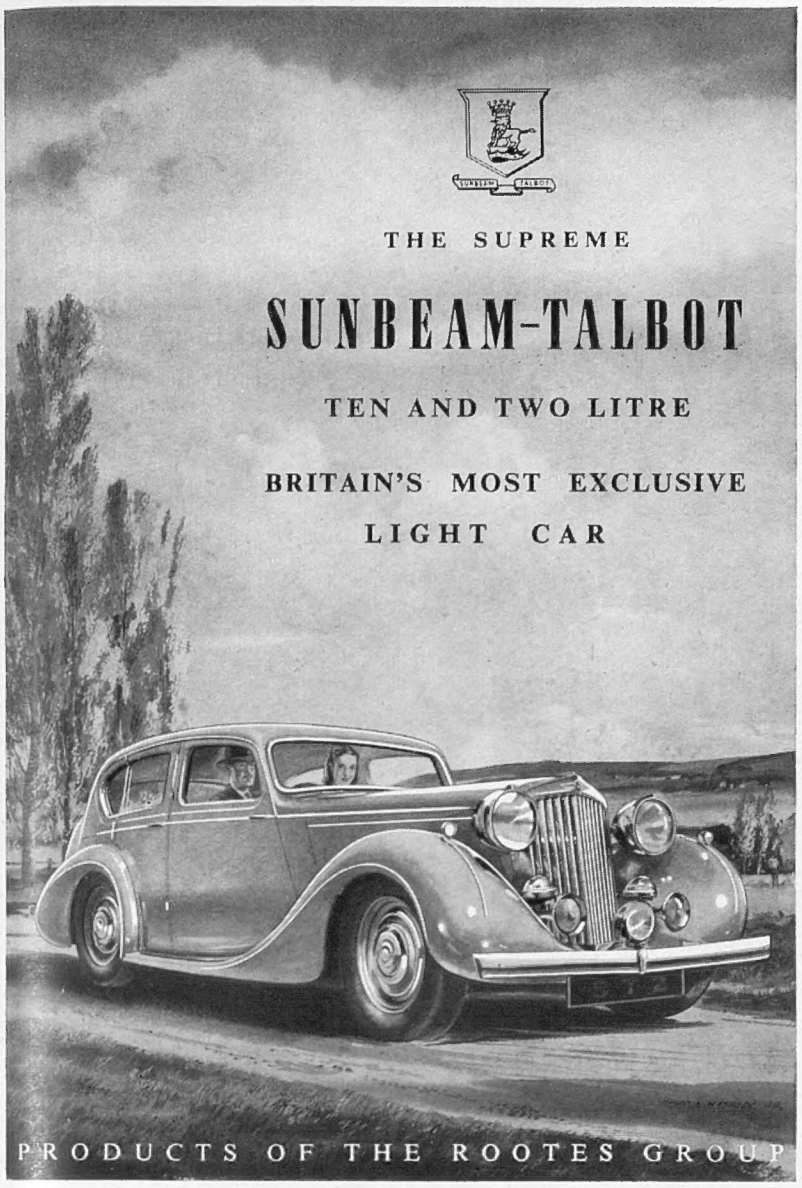

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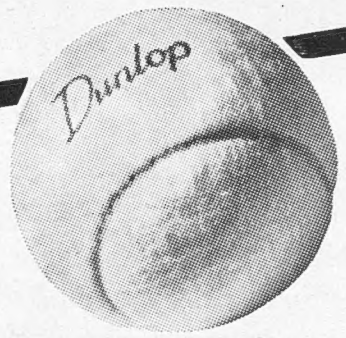

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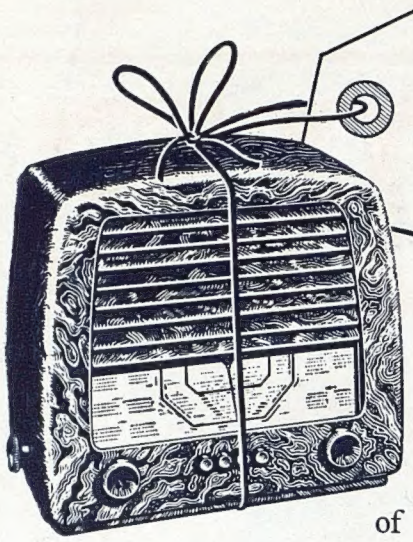

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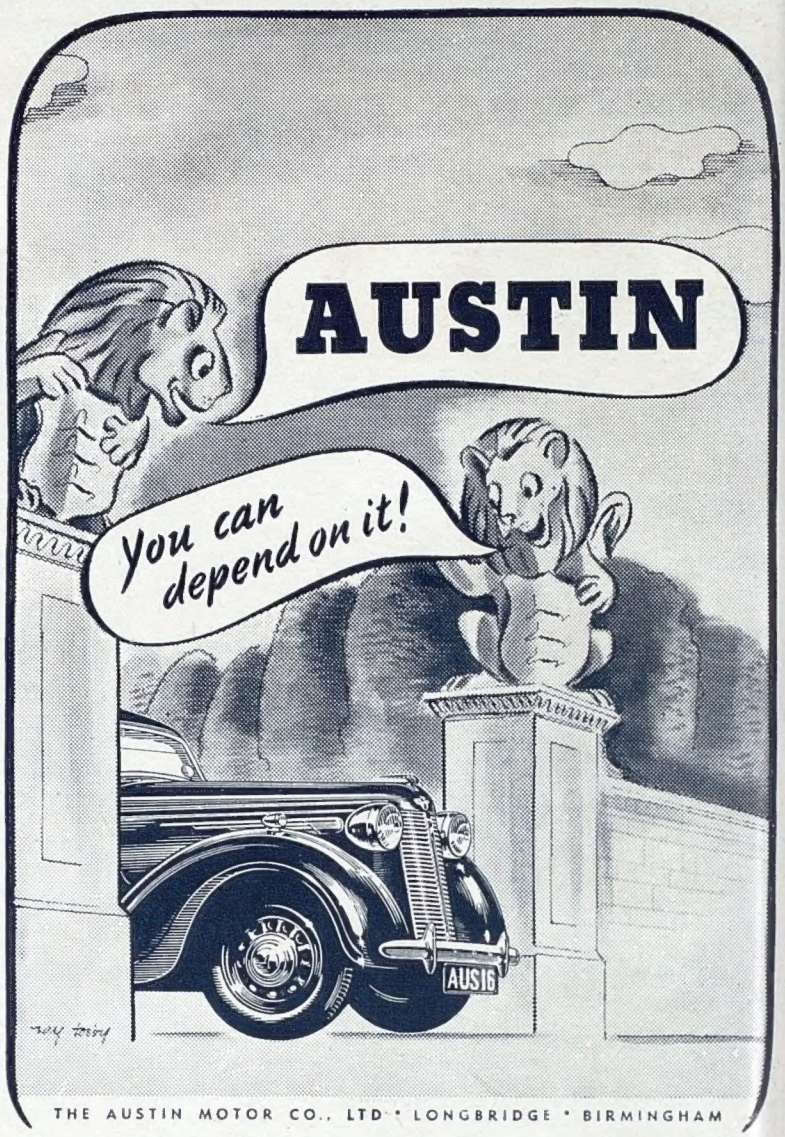

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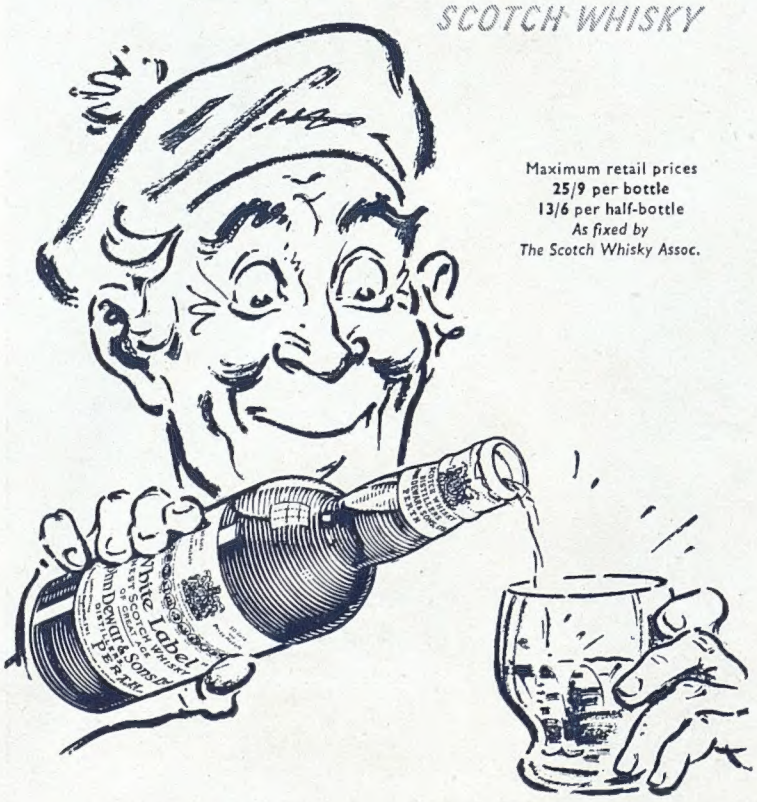

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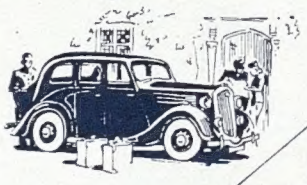

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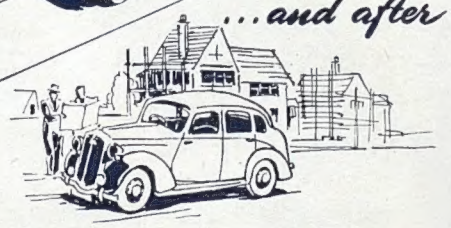

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